

*BELL'S EDITION.*  
**The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN**  
*COMPLETE FROM*  
**CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.**



**WALLER VOLUME II.**  
**Take heed, fair Eve, you do not make**  
**Another tempter of this Snake.**

*At Low price.*

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Nov. 29. 1777.



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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
EDMUND WALLER,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

FROM MR. FENTON'S QUARTO EDIT. 1729.

WITH  
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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When WALLER, kindling with celestial rage,  
View'd the bright Harley of that wond'ring age,  
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe;  
The Graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath---  
His Muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,  
Or sing of heroes with majestic air,  
To melting strains attun'd her voice, and ~~sings~~  
To waken all the tender powers of love---  
The florid and sublime, the grave and gay,  
From WALLER's beams imbibe a purer ray---  
Maker and model of melodious verse!  
Accept these votive honours at thy herse.

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FENTON.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
EDMUND WALLER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.  
FROM A FINE COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION (1633).

WITH  
A HISTORY OF THE AUTHOR.



WALLER was born at  
St. Andrew's, Scotland, in 1604.  
He was educated at  
St. Andrew's and at  
the University of  
Leiden. He was  
ordained in 1633, and  
to his living he added  
the office of minister of  
the church of St. Andrew's.  
He was a man of  
letters and a poet of  
distinction. He died in  
1667.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG.

AT THE PRESS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

1777.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
EDMUND WALLER.  
VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,

SONGS,

EPIGRAMS,

EPITAPHS,

FRAGMENTS,

DIVINE POEMS,

*&c. &c. &c.*

---

Tho' poets may of inspiration boast,  
Their rage, ill-govern'd, in the clouds is lost.  
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,  
At once his fancy and his judgment shows.  
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,  
Neglect of which no wit can recompense---

Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,  
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse.  
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,  
But they move more in lofty numbers told :---  
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,  
And civil life was by the Muses taught.

POEM TO LORD ROSCOMMON.

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AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.  
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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
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EDMUND WALLER  
VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

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|-----------|-----------|
| EPITAPHS, | EPITAPHS, |
| EPITAPHS, | EPITAPHS, |
| EPITAPHS, | EPITAPHS, |



The British Museum is a public institution that was founded in 1753. It is the largest museum in the world, and it is one of the most important cultural institutions in the United Kingdom. The museum is located in London, and it is open to the public. It is a place where people can learn about the history and culture of the world. The museum is a place where people can see the most important objects in the world. It is a place where people can learn about the world and its people. The museum is a place where people can see the most important objects in the world. It is a place where people can learn about the world and its people. The museum is a place where people can see the most important objects in the world. It is a place where people can learn about the world and its people.

EDINBURGH

AT THE BOOKS OF THE MUSEUM

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## EPISTLES

### TO THE KING,

#### ON HIS NAVY.

WHERE'ER thy Navy spreads her canvass wings,  
Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings:  
The French and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,  
Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.  
So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,      5  
And when he pleas'd to thunder part the fray.  
Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,  
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed:  
Thou on the deep imposest nobler laws,  
And by that justice hast remov'd the cause      10  
Of those rude tempests, which for rapine sent,  
Too oft', alas! involv'd the innocent.  
Now shall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free  
From both those fates of storms and piracy.  
But we most happy, who can fear no force      15  
But winged troops, or Pegasean horse.  
'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil  
Another nation as to touch our soil.  
Should Nature's self invade the world again,  
And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,      20

Thy pow'r were safe, and her destructive hand  
 Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command :  
 Thy dreadful fleet would style thee Lord of All,  
 And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball;  
 Those tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains might go, 25  
 And visit mountains where they once did grow.

The world's Restorer once could not endure  
 That finish'd Babel should those men secure  
 Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood  
 Above the reach of any second flood; 30  
 To thee, his chosen, more indulgent, he  
 Dares trust such pow'r with so much piety. 32

## II.

## TO THE QUEEN,

*occasioned upon sight of*

HER MAJESTY'S PICTURE.

WELL fare the hand which to our humble sight  
 Presents that beauty which the dazzling light  
 Of royal splendour hides from weaker eyes,  
 And all access, save by this art, denies.  
 Here only we have courage to behold 5  
 This beam of glory, here we dare unfold  
 In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:  
 The gracious image, seeming to give leave,  
 Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen,  
 And by our Muse saluted Mighty Queen, 10

In whom th' extremes of pow'r and beauty move,  
The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love!

As the bright sun (to which we owe no light  
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)  
Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat,  
To' extend his light and moderate his heat;  
So, happy 'tis you move in such a sphere,  
As your high Majesty with awful fear  
In human breasts might qualify that fire,  
Which kindled by those eyes had flamed high'r  
Than when the scorched world like hazard run  
By the approach of the ill-guided sun.

No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,  
But as their meanness larger hope imparts:  
Your beauty more the fondest lover moves  
With admiration than his private loves;  
With admiration! for a pitch so high  
(Save sacred Charles his) never love durst fly:  
Heav'n that prefer'd a sceptre to your hand,  
Favour'd our freedom more than your command:  
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been  
The whole world's mistress, other than a Queen.  
All had been rivals, and you might have spar'd,  
Or kill'd and tyranniz'd, without a guard.  
No pow'r achiev'd, either by arms or birth,  
Equals Love's empire both in heav'n and earth.  
Such eyes as your's on Jove himself have thrown  
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own:



Witness our Jove, prevented by their flame  
 In his swift passage to th' Hesperian dame;  
 When, like a lion, finding in his way  
 To some intended spoil a fairer prey,  
 The royal youth pursuing the report  
 Of beauty, found it in the Gallic court;  
 There public care with private passion, fought  
 A doubtful combat in his noble thought;  
 Should he confess his greatness and his love,  
 And the free faith of your great brother prove;  
 With his Achates† breaking thro' the cloud  
 Of that disguise which did their graces shroud;  
 And mixing with those gallants at the ball,  
 Dance with the ladies, and outshine them all;  
 Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride?  
 So when the fair Lencothoe he espy'd,  
 To check his steeds impatient Phoebus earn'd,  
 Tho' all the world was in his course concern'd.  
 What may hereafter her meridian do,  
 Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosom so?  
 Not so divine a flame, since deathless gods  
 Forbore to visit the desil'd abodes  
 Of men, in any mortal breast did burn;  
 Nor shall, till Piety and they return.

\* Lewis XIII. K. of France. † D. of Buckingham.



## III.

TO THE

QUEEN-MOTHER OF FRANCE,

UPON HER LANDING.

**G**REAT Queen of Europe! where thy offspring wears  
 All the chief crowns; where princes are thy heirs;  
 As welcome thou to sea-girt Britain's shore,  
 As erst Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)  
 'To Delos was: here shines a nymph as bright,      5  
 By thee disclos'd, with like increase of light.  
 Why was her joy in Belgia confin'd?  
 Or why did you so much regard the wind?  
 Scarce could the ocean (tho' enrag'd) have tost  
 Thy sov'reign bark, but where th' obsequious coast 10  
 Pays tribute to thy bed. Rome's conqu'ring hand  
 More vanquish'd nations under her command  
 Never reduc'd. Glad Berecynthia so  
 Among her deathless progeny did go;  
 A wreath of tow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend head,      15  
 Mother of all that on ambrosia fed.  
 Thy god-like race must sway the age to come,  
 As the Olympus peopled with her womb.

Would those commanders of mankind obey  
 Their honour'd parent, all pretences lay      20  
 Down at your royal feet, compose their jars,  
 And on the growing Turk discharge these wars,

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The Christian knights that sacred tomb should wrest  
 From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East :  
 Our England's Prince, and Gallia's Dolphin, might  
 Like young Rinaldo and Tancredi fight : 26  
 In single combat by their swords again  
 The proud Argantes and fierce Soldan slain :  
 Again might we their valiant deeds recite,  
 And with your Tuscan Muse \* exalt the fight. 30

## IV.

## THE COUNTRY,

TO MY LADY OF CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the sacred Muse inspir'd,  
 Orpheus alone could with the woods comply ;  
 Their rude inhabitants his song admir'd,  
 And Nature's self, in those that could not lie :  
 Your beauty next our solitude invades, 5  
 And warms us, shining thro' the thickest shades.

Nor ought the tribute which the wond'ring court  
 Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to scorn  
 The answer and consent to that report  
 Which, echo-like, the country does return : 10  
 Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our springs  
 Present th' impartial images of things.

A rural judge † dispos'd of beauty's prize ;  
 A simple shepherd † was preferr'd to Jove ;

\* Tasso,

† Paris,

Down to the mountains from the partial skies, 15  
 Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,  
 To plead for that which was so justly giv'n  
 To the bright Carlisle of the court of heav'n.

Carlisle! a name which all our woods are taught  
 Loud as their Amaryllis to resound : 20  
 Carlisle! a name which on the bark is wrought  
 Of every tree that's worthy of the wound.  
 From Phœbus' rage our shadows and our streams  
 May guard us better than from Carlisle's beams. 24

## V.

## TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! 'twas love that injur'd you,  
 And on that rock your Thyrsis thrēw,  
 Who for proud Cælia could have dy'd,  
 While you no less accus'd his pride.

Fond Love his darts at random throws, 5  
 And nothing springs from what he sows :  
 From foes discharg'd as often meet  
 The shining points of arrows fleet,  
 In the wide air creating fire,  
 As souls that join in one desire. 19

Love made the lovely Venus burn  
 In vain, and for the cold youth \* mourn,

\* Adonis.

Who the pursuit of churlish beasts  
 Preferr'd to sleeping on her breasts.

Love makes so many hearts the prize 15  
 Of the bright Carlisle's conqu'ring eyes,  
 Which she regards no more than they  
 The tears of lesser beauties weigh.  
 So have I seen the lost clouds pour  
 Into the sea an useless show'r, 20  
 And the vex'd sailors curse the rain,  
 For which poor shepherds pray'd in vain.

Then, Phyllis, since our passions are  
 Govern'd by chance, and not the care,  
 But sport of Heav'n, which takes delight 25  
 To look upon this Parthian fight  
 Of Love, still flying, or in chase,  
 Never encount'ring face to face,  
 No more to Love we'll sacrifice,  
 But to the best of deities; 30  
 And let our hearts, which Love disjoin'd,  
 By his kind mother be combin'd. 32

## VI.

TO MY

LORD OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

To this great loss a sea of tears is due,  
 But the whole debt not to be paid by you:

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Charge not yourself with all, nor render vain  
 Those show'rs the eyes of us your servants rain.  
 Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart 5  
 In which nor fear nor anger has a part?  
 Virtue would blush if time should boast (which dries  
 Her sole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)  
 Your mind's relief, where reason triumphs so  
 Over all passions, that they ne'er could grow 10  
 Beyond their limits in your noble breast,  
 To harm another, or impeach your rest.  
 This we observ'd, delighting to obey  
 One who did never from his great self stray;  
 Whose mild example seemed to engage 15  
 Th' obsequious seas, and teach them not to rage.  
 The brave Æmilius, his great charge laid down,  
 (The force of Rome, and fate of Macedon)  
 In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke  
 Of changing fortune, and thus highly spoke 20  
 Before Rome's people; "We did oft' implore,  
 "That if the Heav'ns had any bad in store  
 "For your Æmilius, they would pour that ill  
 "On his own house, and let you flourish still."  
 You on the barren seas, my Lord, have spent 25  
 Whole springs, and summers to the public lent;  
 Suspended all the pleasures of your life,  
 And shorten'd the short joy of such a wife;  
 For which your country's more obliged than  
 For many lives of old less happy men. 30

You that have sacrific'd so great a part  
 Of youth, and private bliss, ought to impart  
 Your sorrow too, and give your friends a right  
 As well in your affliction as delight.  
 Then with Æmilian courage bear this cross, 35  
 Since public persons only public loss  
 Ought to affect. And tho' her form and youth,  
 Her application to your will and truth,  
 That noble sweetness, and that humble state,  
 (All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate!) 40  
 Might give excuse to any common breast,  
 With the huge weight of so just grief oppress;  
 Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd  
 With passion, but your character maintain'd  
 To the last act. It is enough her stone 45  
 May honour'd be with superscription  
 Of the sole lady who had pow'r to move  
 The great Northumberland to grieve and love. 48

## VII.

## TO MY LORD ADMIRAL,

## OF HIS LATE SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

WITH joy like ours the Thracian youth invades  
 Orpheus, returning from th' Elysian shades;  
 Embrace the hero, and his stay implore;  
 Make it their public suit he would no more

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Desert them so, and for his spouse's sake, 5  
His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethean lake.  
The ladies, too, the brightest of that time,  
(Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)  
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,  
Who shall the fair Eurydice succeed : 10  
Eurydice ! for whom his num'rous moan  
Makes list'ning trees and savage mountains groan :  
Thro' all the air his sounding strings dilate  
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late.  
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain, 15  
At once the land affecting and the main,  
When the glad news that you were Admiral  
Scarce thro' the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all  
That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in you,  
Would be perplexed how to chuse a new. 20  
So more than private was the joy and grief,  
That at the worst it gave our souls relief,  
That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd,  
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.  
Nature (her fairest lights eclipsed) seems 25  
Herself to suffer in those sharp extremes;  
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,  
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.  
The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,  
Droop all the branches of that noble tree ! 30  
Their beauty they, and we our love suspend;  
Nought can our wishes save thy health intend.



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 Of youth, and private bliss, ought to impart  
 Your sorrow too, and give your friends a right  
 As well in your affliction as delight.  
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Nature (her fairest lights eclipsed) seems 25  
Herself to suffer in those sharp extremes;  
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,  
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.  
The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,  
Droop all the branches of that noble tree ! 30  
Their beauty they, and we our love suspend;  
Nought can our wishes save thy health intend.

As lilies overcharg'd with rain, they bend  
 Their beauteous heads, and with high heav'n contend;  
 Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry  
 He is too faultless and too young to die.  
 So like immortals round about thee they  
 Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.  
 Who would not languish, by so fair a train  
 To be lamented and restor'd again?  
 Or, thus with-held, what hasty soul would go,  
 Tho' to the blest? O'er young Adonis  
 Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious show'r  
 Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flow'r.

The next support, fair hope of your great name,  
 And second pillar of that noble frame,  
 By loss of thee would no advantage have,  
 But step by step pursue thee to the grave.

And now relentless Fate, about to end  
 The line which backward does so far extend  
 That antique stock, which still the world supplies  
 With barvest spirits and with brightest eyes,  
 Kind Phœbus, interposing, bid me say,  
 Such storms no more shall shake that house; but they,  
 Like Neptune, and his sea-born niece \*, shall be  
 The shining glories of the land and sea;  
 With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age,  
 And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

\* Venus.

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VIII.

TO VAN DYCK.

RARE Artisan ! whose pencil moves  
 Not our delights alone, but loves;  
 From thy shop of Beauty we  
 Slaves return'd that enter'd free.  
 The heedless lover does not know  
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so;  
 But, confounded with thy art,  
 Inquires her name that has his heart.  
 Another, who did long refrain,  
 Feels his old wound bleed fresh again : 10  
 With dear remembrance of that face,  
 Where now he reads new hope of grace :  
 Nor scorn nor cruelty does find,  
 But gladly suffers a false wind  
 To blow the ashes of despair : 15  
 From the reviving brand of care,  
 Fool ! that forgets her stubborn look  
 This softness from thy finger took.  
 Strange ! that thy hand should not inspire  
 The beauty only, but the fire : 20  
 Not the form alone, and grace,  
 But act and power of a face.  
 May'st thou yet thyself as well,  
 As all the world besides, excel !

So you the unfeign'd truth rehearse, 25  
 (That I may make it live in verse)  
 Why thou couldst not at one assay,  
 That face to after-times convey,  
 Which this admires. Was it thy wit  
 To make her oft' before thee sit? 30  
 Confess, and we'll forgive thee this;  
 For who would not repeat that bliss?  
 And frequent sight of such a dame  
 Buy with the hazard of his fame?  
 Yet who can tax thy blameless skill, 35  
 Tho' thy good hand had failed still,  
 When Nature's self so often errs?  
 She for this many thousand years  
 Seems to have practis'd with much care,  
 To frame the race of women fair; 40  
 Yet never could a perfect birth  
 Produce before to grace the earth,  
 Which waxed old ere it could see  
 Her that amaz'd thy art and thee.  
 But now 'tis done, O let me know 45  
 Where those immortal colours grow  
 That could this deathless piece compose!  
 In lilies? or the fading rose?  
 No; for this theft thou hast climb'd high'r  
 Than did Prometheus for his fire. 50

## IX.

## TO MY LORD OF LEICESTER.

Not that thy trees at Penshurst groan,  
 Oppressed with their timely load;  
 And seem to make their silent moan,  
 That their great Lord is now abroad :  
 They to delight his taste or eye  
 Would spend themselves in fruit, and die.

Not that thy harmless deer repine,  
 And think themselves unjustly slain  
 By any other hand than thine,  
 Whose arrows they would gladly stain ;  
 No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear  
 That peace with France which keeps thee there.

All these are less than that great cause  
 Which now exacts your presence here,  
 Wherein there meet the divers laws  
 Of public and domestic care.  
 For one bright nymph our youth contends,  
 And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of Thetis' son \*,  
 (For which such stern debate did rise,

\* Achilles.

That the great Ajax Telamon  
 Refus'd to live without the prize)  
 Those Achive peers did more engage,  
 Than she the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty which begun 25  
 To warm us so when thou wert here,  
 Now scorches like the raging sun,  
 When Sirins does first appear.  
 O fix this flame! and let despair  
 Redeem the rest from endless care. 30

TO MRS. BRAUGHTON.

SERVANT TO SACHARISSA.

FAIR Fellow-servant! may your gentle car  
 Prove more propitious to my slighted care  
 Than the bright dame's we serve: for her relief  
 (Vex'd with the long expressions of my grief)  
 Receive these plaints; nor will her high disdain 3  
 Forbid by humble Muse to court her train.  
 So, in those nations which the sun adore,  
 Some modest Persian, or some weak-ey'd Moor,  
 No higher dares advance his dazzled sight,  
 Than to some gilded cloud, which near the light 10  
 Of their ascending god adorns the East,  
 And, graced with his beams, outshines the rest.



Thy skilful hand contributes to our woe,  
 And whets those arrows which confound us so.  
 A thousand Cupids in those curls do sit 15  
 (Those curious nets!) thy slender fingers knit.  
 The Graces put not more exactly on  
 Th' attire of Venus when the Ball she won,  
 Than Sacharissa by thy care is drest,  
 When all our youth prefers her to the rest. 20

You the soft season know when best her mind  
 May be to pity or to love inclin'd:  
 In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,  
 Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear  
 Of that stern goddess. You, her priest, declare 25  
 What off'rings may propitiate the fair:  
 Rich orient pearl, bright stones that ne'er decay,  
 Or polish'd lines, which longer last than they:  
 For if I thought she took delight in those,  
 To where the cheerful Morn does first disclose, 30  
 (The shady Night removing with her beams)  
 Wing'd with bold love I'd fly to fetch such gems.  
 But since her eyes, her teeth, her lip, excels  
 All that is found in mines or fishes' shells,  
 Her nobler part as far exceeding these, 35  
 None but immortal gifts her mind should please.  
 The shining jewels Greece and Troy bestow'd  
 On Sparta's Queen \*, her lovely neck did load,  
 And snowy wrists; but when the town was burn'd,  
 Those fading glories were to ashes turn'd: 40

\* Helen.

Her beauty, too, had perish'd, and her fame,  
Had not the Muse redeem'd them from the flame. 42

XL

TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I so untimely forth  
Into a world which, wanting thee,  
Could entertain us with no worth  
Or shadow of felicity?  
That time should me so far remove  
From that which I was born to love!  
Yet, fairest Blossom! do not slight  
That age which you may know so soon:  
The rosy Morn resigns her light  
And milder glory to the Noon:  
And then what wonders shall you do,  
Whose dawning beauty warms us so?  
Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime;  
And summer, tho' it be less gay,  
Yet is not look'd on as a time  
Of declination or decay:  
For with a full hand that does bring  
All that was promis'd by the spring. 18

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XII.

TO AMORET.

**F**AIR! that you may truly know  
What you unto Thyrsis owe,  
I will tell you how I do  
Sacharissa love and you.

Joy salutes me when I set  
My blest eyes on Amoret;  
But with wonder I am strook,  
While I on the other look.

If sweet Amoret complains,  
I have sence of all her pains;  
But for Sacharissa I  
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,  
Lovely Amoret! is thine:  
Sacharissa's captive fain  
Would untie his iron chain,  
And those scorching beams to shun,  
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election  
To dispose of her affection,  
I would not thus long have borne  
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:  
But 'tis sure some pow'r above,  
Which controls our wills in love!

If not a love, a strong desire  
To create and spread that fire  
In my breast, solicits me,  
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love,  
Which her radiant eyes do move:  
If less splendour wait on thine,  
Yet they so benignly shine,  
I would turn my dazzled sight  
To behold their milder light:  
But as hard 'tis to destroy  
That high flame, as to enjoy;  
Which how eas'ly I may do,  
Heav'n (as eas'ly scal'd) does know!

Amoret! as sweet and good  
As the most delicious food,  
Which but tasted does impart  
Life and gladness to the heart.

Sacharissa's beauty's wine,  
Which to madness doth incline;  
Such a liquor as no brain  
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to Heav'n excuse  
The devotion which I use  
Unto that adored dame;  
For 'tis not unlike the same  
Which I thither ought to send;  
So that if it could take end,

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It would to Heav'n itself be due,  
To succeed her and not you;

Who already have of me  
All that's not idolatry;

Which, tho' not so fierce a flame,  
Is longer like to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove  
Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love. 50

XIII.

TO AMORET.

AMORET! the Milky Way  
Fram'd of many nameless stars!  
The smooth stream where none can say  
He this drop to that prefers!

Amoret! my lovely Foe!  
Tell me where thy strength does lie?  
Where the pow'r that charms us so;  
In thy soul, or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone,  
Or thy grace in motion seen,  
No such wonders could be done;  
Yet thy waist is straight and clean  
As Cupid's shaft, or Hermes' rod,  
And pow'rful, too, as either god. 14

## XIV.

## TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! why should we delay  
 Pleasures shorter than the day?  
 Could we (which we never can)  
 Stretch our lives beyond their span,  
 Beauty like a shadow flies,  
 And our youth before us dies.  
 Or would youth and beauty stay,  
 Love hath wings, and will away.  
 Love hath swifter wings than Time;  
 Change in love to Heav'n does climb.  
 Gods, that never change their state,  
 Vary oft' their love and hate.

Phyllis! to this truth we owe  
 All the love betwixt us two;  
 Let not you and I inquire  
 What has been our past desire;  
 On what shepherds you have smil'd,  
 Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:  
 Leave it to the planets too,  
 What we shall hereafter do;  
 For the joys we now may prove,  
 Take advice of present love.

XV.  
TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.

**B**RAVE Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes;  
 Who hears this told, and does not straight suppose  
 We send the Graces and the Muses forth,  
 To civilize and to instruct the North?  
 Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp; 5  
 Apollo bears as well his bow as harp:  
 And tho' he be the patron of that spring,  
 Where, in calm peace, the sacred virgins sing,  
 He courage had to guard th' invaded throne  
 Of Jove, and cast the ambitious giants down. 10

Ah, noble Friend! with what impatience all  
 That know thy worth, and know how prodigal  
 Of thy great soul thou art, (longing to twist  
 Bays with that ivy which so early kiss'd  
 Thy youthful temples) with what horror we 15  
 Think on the blind events of war and thee?  
 To fate exposing that all-knowing breast  
 Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest;  
 Where oaks and brambles (if the copse be burn'd)  
 Confounded lie, to the same ashes turn'd. 20

Some happy wind over the ocean blow  
 This tempest yet, which frights our island so!  
 Guarded with ships, and all the sea our own,  
 From Heav'n this mischief on our heads is thrown.



In a late dream the Genius of this land, 25  
 Amaz'd, I saw, like the fair Hebrew \*, stand,  
 When first she felt the twins begin to jar,  
 And found her womb the seat of Civil war.  
 Inclined to whose relief, and with presage  
 Of better fortune for the present age, 30  
 Heav'n sends, quoth I, this discord for our good,  
 To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood;  
 To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn  
 Of our proud neighbours, who ere long shall mourn  
 (Tho' now they joy in our expected harms) 35  
 We had occasion to resume our arms.

A lion so with self-provoking smart,  
 (His rebel tail scourging his nobler part)  
 Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,  
 And charge his foes, who thought him mad before. 40

## XVI.

## TO A LADY,

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS! yourself you so excel,  
 When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,  
 That, like a spirit, with this spell  
 Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one, 5  
 Which, on the shaft that made him die,

\* Rebekah.

Espy'd a feather of his own,  
Wherewith he went to soar so high.

Had Echo, with so sweet a grace,  
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd, 10  
Not for reflection of his face,  
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd. 12

## XVII.

## TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, Cælia! for thy sake I part.  
With all that grew so near my heart;  
The passion that I had for thee,  
The faith, the love, the constancy!  
And, that I may successful prove, 8  
Transform myself to what you love.

Fool that I was! so much to prize  
Those simple virtues you despise:  
Fool! that with such dull arrows strove,  
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove: 10  
For you, that are in motion still,  
Decline our force, and mock our skill;  
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance  
Against a windmill our vain lance.

Now will I wander thro' the air, 15  
Mount, make a sloop at ev'ry fair;  
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,  
(As lawless as the sea or wind)

Pursue you wherefoe'er you fly,  
And with your various thoughts comply. 20

The formal stars do travel so,  
As we their names and courses know;  
And he that on their changes looks,  
Would think them govern'd by our books;  
But never were the clouds reduc'd 25

To any art : the motion us'd  
By those free vapours are so light,  
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight  
Despairs to find the rules that guide  
Those gilded shadows as they slide; 30

And therefore of the spacious air  
Jove's royal consort had the care;  
And by that pow'r did once escape,  
Declining bold Ixion's rape:  
She, with her own resemblance, grac'd 35  
A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.

Such was that image, so it smil'd  
With seeming kindness, which beguil'd  
Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought  
He had his fleeting Cælia caught. 40  
'Twas shap'd like her, but for the fair,  
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.

A fate for which he grieves the less,  
Because the gods had like success:  
For in their story one, we see, 45  
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree;

A second, with a lover's haste,  
 Soon overtakes whom he had chas'd;  
 But she that did a virgin seem,  
 Possess'd, appears a wand'ring stream.  
 For his supposed love, a third  
 Lays greedy hold upon a bird,  
 And stands amaz'd to find his dear  
 A wild inhabitant of th' air.  
 To these old tales such nymphs as you  
 Give credit, and still make them new;  
 The am'rous now like wonders find  
 In the swift changes of your mind.

But, Cælia, if you apprehend  
 The Muse of your incens'd friend,  
 Nor would that he record your blamie,  
 And make it live, repeat the same;  
 Again deceive him, and again,  
 And then he swears he'll not complain:  
 For still to be deluded so,  
 Is all the pleasure lovers know;  
 Who, like good tale'ners, take delight  
 Not in the quarry, but the flight.

## XVIII.

## TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED A SILVER PEN.

MADAM! intending to have try'd  
 The silver favour which you gave,

In ink the shining point I dy'd,  
 And drench'd it in the fable wave;  
 When, griev'd to be so foully stain'd,  
 On you it thus to me complain'd.

“ Suppose you had deserv'd to take  
 From her fair hand so fair a boon,  
 Yet how deserved I to make  
 So ill a change, who ever won  
 Immortal praise for what I wrote,  
 Instructed by her noble thought?

I, that expressed her commands  
 To mighty lords and princely dames,  
 Always most welcome to their hands,  
 Proud that I would record their names,  
 Must now be taught an humble style,  
 Some meaner beauty to beguile!”

So I, the wronged pen to please,  
 Make it my humble thanks express  
 Unto your Ladyship in these:  
 And now 'tis forced to confess  
 That your great self did ne'er indite,  
 Nor that, to one more noble, write.

XIX.  
TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! since first our calm of peace  
Was frighted hence, this good we find,  
Your favours with your fears increase,  
And growing mischiefs make you kind.  
So the fair tree, which still preserves,  
Her fruit and state while no wind blows,  
In storms from that uprightness serves,  
And the glad earth about her strows  
With treasure, from her yielding bows.

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XX.  
TO A LADY IN RETIREMENT.

SEES not my love how Time resumes  
The glory which he lent these flow'rs?  
Tho' none should taste of their perfumes,  
Yet must they live but some few hours.  
Time what we forbear devours!  
Had Helen, or the Egyptian Queen,  
Been near so thrifty of their graces,  
Those beauties must at length have been  
The spoil of Age, which finds out faces  
In the most retired places.

10

\* Cleopatra.

C iij

Should some malignant planet bring  
A barren drought or ceaseless show'r  
Upon the autumn or the spring,  
And spare us neither fruit nor flow'r,  
Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of love's neglect  
Preserve you from the violation  
Of coming years, then more respect  
Were due to so divine a fashion,  
Nor would I indulge my passion.

## XXI.

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

*on his translation*

OF SOME PARTS OF THE BIBLE.

How bold a work attempts that pen,  
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue  
With the high raptures of those men  
Who here with the same spirit sung  
Wherewith they now assist the choir  
Of angels, who their songs admire!  
What ever those inspired souls  
Were urged to express, did shake  
The aged Deep, and both the poles;  
Their num'rous thunder could awake



Dull Earth, which does with Heav'n consent  
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say, sacred Bard! what could bestow  
Courage on thee to soar so high?  
Tell me, brave Friend! what help'd thee so 15  
To shake off all mortality?  
To light this torch thou hast climb'd high'r  
Than he who stole celestial fire \*. 18

## XXII.

## TO MR. WILLIAM LAWES,

*Who had then newly set a song of mine, in the year 1635.*

VERSE makes heroic virtue live,  
But you can life to verses give.  
As when in open air we blow,  
The breath, (tho' strain'd) sounds flat and low,  
But if a trumpet take the blast, 5  
It lifts it high, and makes it last:  
So in your airs our numbers drest,  
Make a shrill fally from the breast  
Of nymphs, who singing what we penn'd,  
Our passions to themselves commend; 10  
While love, victorious with thy art,  
Governs at once their voice and heart.

\* Prometheus.

You by the help of tune and time,  
 Can make that song which was but rhyme;  
 Noy pleading, no man doubts the cause, 15  
 Or questions verses set by Lawes:

As a church-window, thick with paint,  
 Lets in a light but dim and faint;  
 So others with division hide  
 The light of sense, the poet's pride; 20  
 But you alone may truly boast  
 That not a syllable is lost:  
 The writer's and the setter's skill  
 At once the ravish'd ears do fill.  
 Let those which only warble long, 25  
 And gargle in their throats a song,  
 Content themselves with *Ut, Re, Mi*:  
 Let words and sense be set by thee. 28

## XXIII.

## TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF CONDIBERT.

Written in France.

THUS the wise nightingale, that leaves her home,  
 Her native wood, when storms and winter come,  
 Pursuing constantly the cheerful spring,  
 To foreign groves does her old music bring.

The drooping Hebrews banish'd, harps unstrung, 5  
At Babylon upon the willows hung :  
Your's sounds aloud, and tells us you excel  
No less in courage than in singing well ;  
While unconcern'd you let your country know,  
They have impoverish'd themselves, not you ; 10  
Who with the Muses' help can mock those fates  
Which threaten kingdoms and disorder states.  
So Ovid, when from Cæsar's rage he fled,  
The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led ;  
Where he so sung, that we, thro' Pity's glass, 15  
See Nero milder than Augustus was.  
Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be  
Th' indulgent censure of posterity.  
To banish those who with such art can sing,  
Is a rude crime which its own curse doth bring : 20  
Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,  
Nor how to love their present youth be taught.  
This to thyself.—Now to thy matchless book,  
Wherein those few that can with judgment look,  
May find old love in pure fresh language told, 25  
Like new-stamp'd coin made out of angel gold ;  
Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,  
In such a style as courts may boast of now ;  
Which no bold tales of gods or monsters swell,  
But human passions, such as with us dwell. 30  
Man is thy theme, his virtue or his rage  
Drawn to the life in each elab'rate page.

Mars nor Bellona are not named here;  
 But such a Gondibert as both might fear:  
 Venus had here, and Hebe, been outshin'd  
 By thy bright Birtha and thy Rhodalinda.  
 Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds  
 Betwixt thy worthiest and the Grecian gods!  
 Whose deities in vain had here come down,  
 Where mortal beauty wears the sov'reign crown:  
 Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood,  
 Tho' not resisted, may be understood.

## XXIV.

## TO MY

## WORTHY FRIEND MR. WASE,

## THE TRANSLATOR OF GRATIUS.

Thus by the music we may know  
 When noble wits a-hunting go  
 Thro' groves that on Parnassus grow.  
 The Muses all the chase adorn;  
 My friend on Pegasus is borne;  
 And young Apollo winds the horn.  
 Having old Grätius in the wind,  
 No pack of critics e'er could find,  
 Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntsmen with delight may read  
How to chuse dogs for scent or speed,  
And how to change or mend the breed.

What arms to use, or nets to frame,  
Wild beasts to combat or to tame;  
With all the myst'ries of that game. 15

But, worthy Friend! the face of war  
In ancient times doth differ far  
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, since powder known,  
That man, so cruel to his own, 20  
Should spare the race of beasts alone.

No quarter now, but with the gun  
Men wait in trees from sun to sun,  
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next 25  
Should be no comment, but a text  
To tell how modern beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage  
Your gentle Muse to court the age  
With somewhat of your proper rage; 30

Since none does more to Phœbus owe,  
Or in more languages can show  
Those arts which you so early know. 33

## XXV.

TO HIS

WORTHY FRIEND MR. EVELYN,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

LUCRETIVS, (with a stork-like fate,  
Born and translated in a state)  
Comes to proclaim, in English verse,  
No monarch rules the universe,  
But chance, and atoms, make this All 5  
In order democratical,  
Where bodies freely run their course,  
Without design, or fate, or force :  
And this in such a strain he sings,  
As if his Muse, with angels' wings, 10  
Had soar'd beyond our utmost sphere,  
And other worlds discover'd there :  
For his immortal, boundless wit,  
To Nature does no bounds permit,  
But boldly has remov'd those bars 15  
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas, and stars,  
By which they were before suppos'd,  
By narrow wits, to be inclos'd,

Till his free Muse threw down the pale,  
And did at once dispark them all. 20

So vast this argument did seem,  
That the wise author did esteem  
The Roman language (which was spread  
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)  
A tongue too narrow to unfold 25

The wonders which he would have told.  
This speaks thy glory, noble Friend!  
And British language does commend;  
For here Lucretius whole we find,  
His words, his music, and his mind. 30

Thy art has to our country brought  
All that he writ, and all he thought.  
Ovid translated, Virgil too,  
Shew'd long since what our tongue could do:  
Nor Lucan we, nor Horace spar'd; 35

Only Lucretius was too hard:  
Lucretius, like a fort, did stand  
Untouch'd, till your victorious hand  
Did from his head this garland bear,  
Which now upon your own you wear: 40

A garland! made of such new bays,  
And sought in such untrodden ways,  
As no man's temples e'er did crown,  
Save this great author's and your own! 44



## XXVI.

TO HIS

WORTHY FRIEND SIR THO. HIGGONS,

*upon his translation of*

THE VENETIAN TRIUMPH.

THE winged Lion's \* not so fierce in fight,  
 As Liberi's hand presents him to our sight;  
 Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce,  
 Or roar so loud, as Businello's verse:  
 But your translation does all three excel, 5  
 The fight, the piece, and lofty Businell.  
 As their small gallies may not hold compare  
 With our tall ships, whose sails employ more air;  
 So does the Italian to your genius vail,  
 Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler gale. 10  
 Thus while your Muse spreads the Venetian story,  
 You make all Europe emulate her glory:  
 You make them blush weak Venice should defend  
 The cause of Heav'n, while they for words contend;  
 Shed Christian blood, and pop'lous cities raise, 15  
 Because they're taught to use some different phrase.  
 If, list'ning to your charms, we could our jars  
 Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars,  
 Our British arms the sacred tomb might wrest  
 From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East; 20

\* The arms of Venice.

And then you might our own high deeds recite,  
And with great Tasso celebrate the fight. 22

## XXVII.

## TO A FRIEND,

## OF THE DIFFERENT SUCCESS OF THEIR LOVES.

THREE happy Pair! of whom we cannot know  
Which first began to love, or loves most now:  
Fair course of passion! where two lovers start,  
And run together, heart still yok'd with heart:  
Successful Youth! whom Love has taught the way  
To be victorious in the first essay.  
Sure love's an art best practis'd at first  
And where th' experienced still prosper worst!  
I with a diff'rent fate pursu'd in vain  
The haughty Cælia, till my just disdain  
Of her neglect, above that passion borne,  
Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.  
Now she relents; but all too late to move  
A heart directed to a nobler love.  
The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more  
Now than my vows and service did before. 16  
So in some well-wrought hangings you may see  
How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee:  
Here the fierce Mars his courage so inspires,  
That with bold hands the Argive fleet he fires: 20

But there, from heav'n the blue-ey'd virgin \* falls,  
 And frighted Troy retires within her walls:  
 They that are foremost in that bloody race,  
 Turn head anon, and give the conqu'rors chase.  
 So like the chances are of love and war, 25  
 That they alone in this distinguish'd are,  
 In love the victors from the vanquish'd fly;  
 They fly that wound, and they pursue that die. 28

## XXVIII

## TO ZELINDA.

**F**AIREST piece of well-form'd earth!  
 Urge not thus your haughty birth:  
 The pow'r which you have o'er us lies  
 Not in your race, but in your eyes,  
 "None but a Prince!"—Alas! that voice  
 Confines you to a narrow choice,  
 Should you no honey-vow to taste,  
 But what the master-bees have plac'd  
 In compass of their cells, how small  
 A portion to your share would fall? 30  
 Nor all appear, among those few,  
 Worthy the stock from whence they grew.  
 The sap which at the root is bred  
 In trees, thro' all the boughs is spread;

\* Minerva.

But virtues which in parents shine, 15  
 Make not like progress thro' the line.  
 'Tis not from whom, but where, we live:  
 The place does oft' those graces give.  
 Great Julius, on the mountains bred,  
 A flock perhaps, or herd, had led. 20  
 He that the world subdu'd \*, had been  
 But the best wrestler on the green.  
 'Tis art and knowledge which draw forth  
 The hidden seeds of native worth:  
 They blow those sparks, and make them rise 25  
 Into such flames as touch the skies.  
 To the old heroes hence was giv'n  
 A pedigree which reach'd to heav'n:  
 Of mortal seed they were not held,  
 Which other mortals so excell'd. 30  
 And beauty, too, in such excess  
 As your's, Zelinda! claims no less.  
 Smile but on me, and you shall scorn,  
 Henceforth, to be of princes born.  
 I can describe the shady grove 35  
 Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove,  
 And yet excuse the faultless dame,  
 Caught with her spouse's shape and name.  
 Thy matchless form will credit bring  
 To all the wonders I shall sing. 40

\* Alexander.

## XXIX.

## TO MY LADY MORTON,

*on new-year's day,*

AT THE LOUVRE IN PARIS.

MADAM! new years may well expect to find  
 Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind;  
 Still as they pass they court and smile on you,  
 And make your beauty, as themselves, seem new.

To the fair Villars we Dalkeith prefer,  
 And fairest Morton now as much to her:  
 So like the sun's advance your titles show,  
 Which as he rises does the warmer grow.

But thus to style you Fair, your sex's praise,  
 Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays;  
 From armed foes to bring a Royal prize\*,  
 Shews your brave heart victorious as your eyes.  
 If Judith, marching with the general's head,  
 Can give us passion when her story's read,  
 What may the living do, which brought away,  
 Tho' a less bloody, yet a nobler prey;  
 Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,  
 Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princess, like a brand?  
 A brand! preserv'd to warm some prince's heart,  
 And make whole kingdoms take her brother's part.

\* Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter to K. Charles I.  
 † K. Charles II.

So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did shrowd  
The hope of Rome \*, and sav'd him in a cloud.

This gallant ~~act~~ may cancel all our rage,  
Begin a better, and absolve this age.  
Dark shades become the portrait of our time; 25  
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime!  
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night;  
This portion only may endure the light;  
Where the kind nymph, changing her faultless shape,  
Becomes unhandfome, handsomely to 'scape, 30  
When thro' the guards, the river, and the sea,  
Faith, Beauty, Wit, and Courage, made their way.  
As the brave eagle does with sorrow see  
The forest wasted, and that lofty tree  
Which holds her nest about to be o'erthrown, 35  
Before the feathers of her young are grown,  
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,  
But bears them boldly on her wings away;  
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore  
Her princely burthen to the Gallic shore. 40  
Born in the storms of war, this Royal Fair,  
Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous air,  
Tho' now she flies her native isle, (less kind,  
Less safe for her than either sea or wind) 45  
Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,  
See her great brother on the British throne;  
Where Peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,  
But which rules most his scepter, or her eyes: 48

\* Aeneas

## XXX.

## TO A FAIR LADY,

## PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

**STRANGE!** that such horror and such grace  
 Should dwell together in one place;  
 A fury's arm, an angel's face!  
 'Tis innocence and youth which makes  
 In Chloris' fancy such mistakes,  
 To start at love, and play with Snakes.  
 By this and by her coldness barr'd,  
 Her servants have a task too hard:  
 The tyrant has a double guard!  
 Thrice happy Snake! that in her sleeve  
 May boldly creep; we dare not give  
 Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave.  
 Contented in that nest of snow  
 He lies, as he his bliss did know,  
 And to the wood no more would go.  
 Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make  
 Another tempter of this Snake:  
 A marble one so warm'd would speak.

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XXXI.  
A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

Of the present greatness, and joint interest,  
OF HIS HIGHNESS, AND THIS NATION.

WHILE with a strong and yet a gentle hand,  
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,  
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,  
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,  
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign,  
And own no liberty but where they may,  
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face,  
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,  
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,  
Storms of ambition tossing us repress.

Your drooping country, torn with Civil hate,  
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;  
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,  
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now all nations great,  
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet,  
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,  
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n, (that hath plac'd this island to give law,  
 To balance Europe, and her states to awe)  
 In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,  
 The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent, 25  
 By the rude ocean, from the continent,  
 Or thus created, it was sure design'd  
 To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,  
 Justice to crave, and succour, at your court; 30  
 And then your Highness, not for ours alone,  
 But for the world's Protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies  
 Thro' ev'ry land that near the ocean lies,  
 Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news 35  
 To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest,  
 Might hope to lift her head above the rest.  
 What may be thought impossible to do  
 By us embraced by the sea and you? 40

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we  
 Whole forests send to reign upon the sea,  
 And ev'ry coast may trouble or relieve;  
 But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative; 45  
'That none can at our happy seats arrive;  
While we descend, at pleasure, to invade  
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,  
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set, 50  
Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves,  
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,  
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;  
So what our earth and what our heav'n denies 55  
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,  
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow:  
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;  
And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine. 60

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;  
Gold, tho' the heaviest metal, hither swims.  
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;  
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds; 65  
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds.  
Rome, tho' her Eagle thro' the world had flown,  
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince, too,  
 France-conqu'ring Henry flourish'd, and now you; 70  
 For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,  
 Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,  
 He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide  
 Another yet; a world reserv'd for you, 75  
 To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,  
 Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede,  
 Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,  
 More spoils than honour to the victor yield. 80

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,  
 The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,  
 Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,  
 Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd, 85  
 With a new chain of garrisons you bind:  
 Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;  
 Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know  
 No warmer region than their hills of snow, 90  
 May blame the sun, but must extol your grace,  
 Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,  
 Falling they rise, to be with us made one.  
 So kind Dictators made, when they came home, 95  
 Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate  
 Advanc'd to be a portion of our state;  
 While by your valour and your bounteous mind,  
 Nations, divided by the sea, are join'd. 100

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content  
 To be our outguard on the Continent:  
 She from her fellow-provinces would go,  
 Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse, 105  
 Preventing posts, the terror and the news,  
 Our neighbour princes trembled at their roar;  
 But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease,  
 And now you heal us with the acts of peace; 110  
 Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,  
 Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,  
 Than in restoring such as are undone.  
 Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear, 115  
 But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon willing, and to punish loath,  
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.  
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve  
You cannot make the dead again to live. 120

When Fate or Error had our age misled,  
And o'er this nation such confusion spread,  
The only cure which could from Heav'n come down  
Was so much pow'r and piety in one!

One! whose extraction from an ancient line 125  
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine.  
The meanest in your nature, mild and good,  
The noble rest secured in your blood.

Oft' have we wonder'd how you hid in peace  
A mind proportion'd to such things as these; 130  
How such a ruling sp'rit you could restrain,  
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give  
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live.  
Born to command, your princely virtues slept, 135  
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept:

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,  
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,  
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,  
To fierce contention gave a prosp'rous end. 140

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,  
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;  
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when, without  
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys. [noise,

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory 145  
Run, with amazement we should read your story;  
But living virtue, all achievements past,  
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,  
With losing him, went back to blood and rage: 150  
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,  
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars  
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;  
To such a tempest as now threatens all, 155  
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,  
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord,  
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,  
To rule victorious armies, but by you? 160

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,  
Could order teach, and their high sp'rits compose;  
To ev'ry duty could their minds engage,  
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.



So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane, 165  
 And angry grows, if he that first took pain  
 To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,  
 He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last  
 Itself into Augustus' arms did cast; 170  
 So England now does, with like toil oppress'd,  
 Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,  
 Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.  
 Your battles they hereafter shall indite, 175  
 And draw the image of our Mars in fight:

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,  
 And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;  
 How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choke  
 Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke. 180

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,  
 And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muse.  
 Here, in low strains, your milder deeds we sing;  
 But there, my Lord! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride 185  
 O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside;  
 While all your neighbour-princes unto you,  
 Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence, and bow. 188

## XXXII.

## TO THE KING,

## UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN.

THE rising sun complies with our weak sight,  
 First gilds the clouds, then shows his globe of light—  
 At such a distance from our eyes, as tho'  
 He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.

But your full majesty at once breaks forth 5  
 In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,  
 Your youth, and all the splendour of your state,  
 (Wrapp'd up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate!)  
 With such a flood of light invade our eyes,  
 And our spread hearts with so great joy surprise, 10  
 That if your grace incline that we should live,  
 You must not, Sir! too hastily forgive.  
 Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,  
 Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.  
 All are obnoxious! and this faulty land, 15  
 Like fainting Esther, does before you stand,  
 Watching your sceptre. The revolted sea  
 Trembles to think she did your foes obey.

Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,  
 In a wild rage became the scorn and hate 20  
 Of her proud neighbours, who began to think  
 She with the weight of her own force would sink.

But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;  
 This Giant Isle has got her eye again.  
 Now she might spare the ocean, and oppose      25  
 Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.  
 Naked, the Graces guarded you from all  
 Dangers abroad, and now your thunder shall.  
 Princes that saw you diff'rent passions prove,  
 For now they dread the object of their love,      30  
 Nor without envy can behold his height,  
 Whose conversation was their late delight.  
 So Semele, contented with the rape  
 Of Jove, disguised in a mortal shape,  
 When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,      35  
 And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd:

And tho' it be our sorrow and our crime  
 To have accepted life so long a time  
 Without you here, yet does this absence gain  
 No small advantage to your present reign:      40  
 For having view'd the persons and the things,  
 The councils, state, and strength of Europe's kings,  
 You know your work; ambition to restrain,  
 And set them bounds, as Heav'n does to the main.  
 We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,      45  
 Not such as books, but such as practise taught.  
 So the lost sun, while least by us enjoy'd,  
 Is the whole night for our concern employ'd:  
 He ripens spices, fruits, and precious gums,  
 Which from remotest regions hither comes.      50

This feat of your's (from th' other world remov'd)  
 Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd  
 His engine's force fix'd here. Your pow'r and skill  
 Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much suff'ring Monarch! the first English-born  
 That has the crown of these three nations worn!  
 How has your patience, with the barb'rous rage  
 Of your own soil, contended half an age?  
 Till (your try'd virtue and your sacred word,  
 At last preventing your unwilling sword)  
 Armies and fleets which kept you out so long,  
 Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redress'd his wrong.  
 When straight the people, by no force compell'd,  
 Nor longer from their inclination held,  
 Break forth at once, like powder set on fire,  
 And, with a noble rage, their King require.  
 So th' injur'd sea, which from her wonted course,  
 To gain some acres, avarice did force,  
 If the new banks, neglected once, decay,  
 No longer will from her old channel stay;  
 Raging, the late-got land she overflows,  
 And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin  
 To strive for grace; and expiate their sin.  
 All winds blow fair, that did the world embroil;  
 Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.

If then such praise the Macedonian\* got,  
 For having nately cut the Gordian knot,

\* Alexander.

What glory's due to him that could divide  
Such ravell'd int'rests? has the knot unt'y'd, 80  
And without stroke so smooth a passage made,  
Where Craft and Malice such impeachments laid?

But while we praise you, you ascribe it all  
To His high hand which threw the untouch'd wall  
Of self-demolish'd Jericho so low: 85  
His angel 'twas that did before you go,  
Tam'd savage hearts, and made affections yield,  
Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus, patience-crown'd, like Job's, your trouble ends,  
Having your foes to pardon and your friends: 90  
For tho' your courage were so firm a rock,  
What private virtue could endure the shock?  
Like your Great Master, you the storm withstood,  
And pity'd those who love with frailty shew'd.

Rude Indians, tort'ring all the royal race, 95  
Him with the throne and dear-bought sceptre grace  
That suffers best. What region could be found,  
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?

The next experience of your mighty mind  
Is, how you combat Fortune, now she's kind. 100  
And this way, too, you are victorious found;  
She flatters with the same success she frown'd.  
While to yourself severe, to others kind,  
With pow'r unbounded and a will confin'd,  
Of this vast empire you possess the care, 105  
The softer parts fall to the people's share.

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Safety and equal government are things  
Which subjects make as happy as their kings.

Faith, Law, and Piety, (that banish'd train!)  
Justice and Truth, with you return again.  
The City's trade, and country's easy life,  
Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.  
Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,  
Than the warm sun advances his increase;  
And does the shepherds as securely keep,  
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.

But, above all, the Muse-inspired train  
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again:  
Kind Heav'n, at once, has, in your person, sent  
Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa,  
Quam per varis opus mores, animique, virorum  
Clarorum apparent . . .

Hor.

### XXXIII.

#### TO THE QUEEN,

#### UPON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

*after her happy recovery from a dangerous sickness.*

FAREWELL the year which threaten'd so  
The fairest light the world can show.  
Welcome the new! whose ev'ry day,  
Restoring what was snatch'd away

By pining sickness from the fair, 5  
 That matchless beauty does repair  
 So fast, that the approaching spring,  
 (Which does to flow'ry meadows bring  
 What the rude winter from them tore)  
 Shall give her all she had before. 10

But we recover not so fast  
 The sense of such a danger past:  
 We that esteem'd you sent from heav'n,  
 A pattern to this island giv'n,  
 To shew us what the blest'd do there, 15  
 And what alive they practis'd here,  
 When that which we immortal thought,  
 We saw so near destruction brought,  
 Felt all which you did then endure,  
 And tremble yet as not secure: 20  
 So tho' the sun victorious be,  
 And from a dark eclipse set free,  
 The influence, which we fondly fear,  
 Afflicts our thoughts the following year.

But that which may relieve our care 25  
 Is, that you have a help so near  
 For all the evil you can prove,  
 The kindness of your Royal love:  
 He that was never known to mourn,  
 So many kingdoms from him torn, 30  
 His tears reserv'd for you, more dear,  
 More priz'd, than all those kingdoms were!

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For when no healing art prevail'd,  
 When cordials and elixirs fail'd,  
 On your pale cheek he dropp'd the show'r  
 Reviv'd you like a dying flow'r.

36

## XXXIV.

## TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,

*when she was taking leave of*

## THE COURT AT DOVER.

THAT sun of beauty did among us rise;  
 England first saw the light of your fair eyes:  
 In English, too, your early wit was shown;  
 Favour that language, which was then your own,  
 When, tho' a child, thro' guards you made you way:  
 What fleet or army could an angel stay? 6  
 Thrice happy Britain! if she could retain  
 Whom she first bred within her ambient main.  
 Our late burnt London, in apparel new,  
 Shook off her ashes to have treated you: 10  
 But we must see our glory snatch'd away,  
 And with warm tears increase the guilty sea:  
 No wind can favour us; howe'er it blows,  
 We must be wreck'd, and our dear treasure lose!  
 Sighs will not let us half our sorrows tell—  
 Fair, lovely, great, and best of nymphs, farewell! 16

## XXXV.

## TO A LADY,

*From whom he received the copy of the poem entitled, Of  
a Tree cut in Paper, which for many years had been lost.*

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes ;  
All they subdue become their spies.  
Secrets, as choicest jewels, are  
Presented to oblige the fair :  
No wonder, then, that a lost thought. 5  
Should there be found where souls are caught.

The picture of fair Venus, (that  
For which men say the goddess sat)  
Was lost, till Lely from your look  
Again that glorious image took. 10

If Virtue's self were lost, we might  
From your fair mind new copies write.  
All things but one you can restore ;  
The heart you get returns no more. 14

## XXXVI.

## TO MR. KILLEGREW,

*Upon his altering his play, Pandora, from a tragedy into  
a comedy, because not approved on the stage.*

SIR ! you should rather teach our age the way  
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your play.

You had oblig'd us by employing wit  
 Not to reform Pandora, but the Pit :  
 For as the nightingale, without the throng 5  
 Of other birds, alone attends her song,  
 While the loud daw, his throat displaying, draws  
 The whole assembly of his fellow-daws ;  
 So must the writer whose productions should  
 Take with the vulgar be of vulgar mould ; 10  
 Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high  
 For common view, and lessen as they fly. 12

## XXXVII.

## TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR,

*Who lately writ a religious book, entitled, Historical Applications, and occasional Meditations, upon several subjects.*

**BOLD** is the man that dares engage  
 For piety in such an age !  
 Who can presume to find a guard  
 From scorn, when Heav'n's so little spar'd ?  
 Divines are pardon'd ; they defend 5  
 Altars on which their lives depend ;  
 But the profane impatient are,  
 When nobler pens make this their care ;  
 For why should these let in a beam  
 Of divine light to trouble them, 10

Volume II.

F

And call in doubt their pleasing thought,  
 That none believes what we are taught?  
 High birth and fortune warrant give  
 That such men write what they believe;  
 And, feeling first what they indite, 25  
 New credit give to ancient light.  
 Amongst these few, our author brings  
 His well-known pedigree from kings.  
 This book, the image of his mind,  
 Will make his name not hard to find: 20  
 I wish the throng of great and good  
 Made it less eas'ly understood! 22

## XXXVIII.

## TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

*Upon his incomparable, incomprehensible poem, entitled, The  
 British Princes.*

SIX! you've oblig'd the British nation more  
 Than all their bards could ever do before,  
 And at your own charge monuments as hard  
 As brass or marble to your fame have rear'd:  
 For as all warlike nations take delight 5  
 To hear how their brave ancestors could fight,  
 You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,  
 And no less virtuously improv'd your own;

That 'twill be doubtful whether you do write  
 Or they have acted at a nobler height. 10  
 You of your ancient princes have retriev'd  
 More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;  
 Explain'd their customs and their rights a-new,  
 Better than all their Druids ever knew;  
 Unriddled those dark oracles as well 15  
 As those that made them could themselves foretell.  
 For as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,  
 Arthur would come to govern them again,  
 You have fulfill'd that prophesy alone,  
 And in your poem plac'd him on his throne. 20  
 Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen  
 To raise the dead, and give new life to men,  
 Make rival princes meet in arms, and love  
 Whom distant ages did so far remove:  
 For as eternity has neither past 25  
 Nor future, authors say, nor first nor last,  
 But is all instant, your eternal Muse  
 All ages can to any one reduce.  
 Then why should you, whose miracles of art  
 Can life at pleasure to the dead impart, 30  
 Trouble in vain your better-busied head,  
 T' observe what times they liv'd in or were dead?  
 For since you have such arbitrary pow'r,  
 It were defect in judgment to go low'r,  
 Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd, 35  
 As use to take the vulgar latitude:

For no man's fit to read what you have writ,  
 That holds not some proportion with your wit:  
 As light can no way but by light appear,  
 He must bring sense that understands it here. 40

## XXXIX.

## TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! what's eminent, we know  
 Must for some cause be valu'd so:  
 Things without use, tho' they be good,  
 Are not by us so understood.  
 The early rose, made to display 3  
 Her blushes to the youthful May,  
 Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,  
 And courts her with a gentle air.  
 Our stars do shew their excellence  
 Not by their light, but influence: 10  
 When brighter comets, since still known,  
 Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.  
 So your admired beauty still  
 Is, by effects, made good or ill. 14

## XL.

## TO THE KING.

GREAT Sir! disdain not in this piece to stand  
 Supreme commander both of sea and land.

Those which inhabit the celestial bow'r,  
 Painters express with emblems of their pow'r;  
 His club Alcides, Phœbus has his bow, 5  
 Jove has his thunder, and your navy you.

But your great providence no colours here  
 Can represent, nor pencil draw that care  
 Which keeps you waking to secure our peace,  
 The nation's glory, and our trade's increase: 10  
 You for these ends whole days in council sit,  
 And the diversions of your youth forget.

Small were the worth of valour and of force,  
 If your high wisdom govern'd not their course:  
 You as the soul, as the first mover you, 15  
 Vigour and life on ev'ry part bestow:  
 How to build ships, and dreadful ord'nance cast,  
 Instruct the artists, and reward their haste.

So Jove himself, when Typhôn heav'n does brave,  
 Descends to visit Vulcan's smoky cave, 20  
 Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame  
 His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.  
 Had the old Greeks discover'd your abode,  
 Crete had not been the cradle of their god:  
 On that small island they had look'd with scorn,  
 And in Great Britain thought the Thund'rer born. 26



## XLI.

## TO THE DUCHESS,

*when he presented*

THIS BOOK TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

MADAM! I here present you with the rage,  
 And with the beauties of a former age,  
 Wishing you may with as great pleasure view  
 This, as we take in gazing upon you.  
 'Thus we writ then: your brighter eyes inspire 5  
 A nobler flame, and raise our genius high'r.  
 While we your wit and early knowledge fear,  
 'To our productions we become severe:  
 Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing,  
 Your judgment makes us careful how we sing. 10  
 Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,  
 Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last,  
 And make you thro' as many ages shine,  
 As Tasso has the heroes of your line.

'Tho' other names our wary writers use, 15  
 You are the subject of the British Muse:  
 Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,  
 Men write, and die of wounds they dare not own.  
 So the bright sun burns all our grass away,  
 While it means nothing but to give us day. 20

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## SONGS.

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### I.

#### SONG.

STAY, Phœbus! stay;  
The world to which you fly so fast,  
Conveying day  
From us to them, can pay your haste  
With no such object, nor salute your rise 5  
With no such wonder as De Mornay's eyes.

Well does this prove  
The error of those antique books  
Which made you move  
About the world: her charming looks 10  
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,  
Did not the rolling earth snatch her away. 12

### II.

#### SONG.

SAY, lovely Dream! where couldst thou find  
Shades to counterfeit that face?  
Colours of this glorious kind  
Come not from any mortal place.

In heav'n itself thou sure wert drest  
 With that angel-like disguise :  
 Thus deluded am I blest,  
 And see my joy with closed eyes.

5

But, ah! this image is too kind  
 To be other than a Dream :  
 Cruel Sacharissa's mind  
 Never put on that sweet extreme!

10

Fair Dream! if thou intend'st me grace,  
 Change that heav'nly face of thine;  
 Paint despis'd love in thy face,  
 And make it to appear like mine.

15

Pale, wan, and meagre, let it look,  
 With a pity-moving shape,  
 Such as wander by the brook  
 Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

20

Then to that matchless nymph appear,  
 In whose shape thou shinest so ;  
 Softly in her sleeping ear,  
 With humble words, express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,  
 Thus surpris'd she may fall :  
 Sleep does disproportion hide,  
 And, death resembling, equals all.

25

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## III.

## SONG.

**P**EACE, babbling Muse!  
 I dare not sing what you indite;  
 Her eyes refuse  
 To read the passion which they write:  
 She strikes my lute, but if it sound, 5  
 Threatens to hurl it on the ground:  
 And I no less her anger dread,  
 Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,  
 While some fierce lion does embrace  
 His breathless corpse, and lick his face: 10  
 Wrapp'd up in silent fear he lies,  
 Torn all in pieces if he cries. 12

## IV.

## SONG.

## I.

**C**HLORIS! farewell; I now must go;  
 For if with thee I longer stay,  
 Thy eyes prevail upon me so,  
 I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

## II.

Fame of thy beauty and thy youth, 5  
 Among the rest, me hither brought:

Finding this same fall short of truth,  
Made me stay longer than I thought.

## III.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath,  
A servant to another's will; 10  
Yet for thy love I'd forfeit both,  
Could I be sure to keep it still.

## IV.

But what assurance can I take,  
When thou, foreknowing this abuse,  
For some more worthy lover's sake, 15  
May'st leave me with so just excuse?

## V.

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault  
That thou didst thus inconstant prove,  
Being by my example taught  
To break thy oath to mend thy love. 20

## VI.

No, Chloris! no: I will return,  
And raise thy story to that height,  
That strangers shall at distance burn,  
And she distrust me reprobate.

## VII.

Then shall my love this doubt displace, 25  
And gain such trust, that I may come  
And banquet sometimes on thy face,  
But make my constant meals at home. 28

## V.

## SONG. TO FLAVIA.

## I.

'Tis not your beauty can engage  
 My wary heart ;  
 The sun, in all his pride and rage,  
 Has not that art ;  
 And yet he shines as bright as you, 5  
 If brightness could our souls subdue.

## II.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,  
 Nor those you write,  
 Which can make Thyrsis' heart your prey :  
 For that delight, 10  
 The graces of a well-taught mind  
 In some of our own sex we find.

## III.

No, Flavia! 'tis your love I fear ;  
 Love's surest darts,  
 Those which so seldom fail him, are 15  
 Headed with hearts :  
 Their very shadows make us yield ;  
 Dissemble well, and win the field. 18

## VI.

## SONG.

BEHOLD the brand of Beauty tost !  
 See how the motion does dilate the flame !

Delighted Love his spoils does boast,  
And triumph in this game.

Fire, to no place confin'd,

5

Is both our wonder and our fear,

Moving the mind,

As lightning hurled thro' the air.

High heav'n the glory does increase

Of all her shining lamps this artful way;

10

The sun in figures, such as these,

Joys with the moon to play:

To the sweet strains they advance,

Which do result from their own spheres,

As this nymph's dance

Moves with the numbers which she hears.

16

# VII.

## SONG.

WHILE I listen to thy voice,

Chloris! I feel my life decay;

That pow'rful noise

Calls my fleeting soul away.

Oh! suppress that magic sound,

5

Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris! peace! or singing die,

That together you and I



To heav'n may go;  
 For all we know  
 Of what the blessed do above,  
 Is that they sing, and that they love. 12

## VIII.

## SONG.

Go, lovely Rose!  
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
 That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet and fair she seems to be. 5

Tell her that's young,  
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,  
 That hadst thou sprung  
 In deserts, where no men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd. 10

Small is the worth  
 Of beauty from the light retir'd:  
 Bid her come forth,  
 Suffer herself to be desir'd,  
 And not blush so to be admir'd. 15

Then die! that she  
 The common fate of all things rare  
 May read in thee,  
 How small a part of time they share  
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair! 20

## IX.

SUNG BY

MRS. KNIGHT, TO HER MAJESTY,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

THIS happy day two lights are seen,  
 A glorious Saint, a matchless Queen;  
 Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,  
 The saint above, th' Infanta here. 4  
 May all those years which Catharine  
 'The Martyr did for heav'n resign,  
 Be added to the line  
 Of your blest life among us here!  
 For all the pains that she did feel,  
 And all the torments of her wheel, 10  
 May you as many pleasures share!  
 May Heav'n itself content  
 With Catharine the Saint!  
 Without appearing old,  
 An hundred times may you, 15  
 With eyes as bright as now,  
 This welcome day behold! 17

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## PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

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### I.

#### PROLOGUE FOR THE LADY-ACTORS:

SPOKEN BEFORE K. CHARLES II.

AMAZE us not with that majestic frown,  
But lay aside the greatness of your crown!  
And for that look which does your people awe,  
When in your throne and robes you give them law,  
Lay it by here, and give a gentler smile, 5  
Such as we see great Jove's in picture, while  
He listens to Apollo's charming lyre,  
Or judges of the songs he does inspire.  
Comedians on the stage shew all their skill,  
And after do as Love and Fortune will. 10  
We are less careful, hid in this disguise;  
In our own clothes more serious and more wise.  
Modest at home, upon the stage more bold,  
We seem warm lovers, tho' our breasts be cold:  
A fault committed here deserves no scorn,  
If we act well the parts to which we're born. 16

## II.

## PROLOGUE

## TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

SCARCE should we have the boldness to pretend  
 So long-renown'd a tragedy to mend,  
 Had not already some deserv'd your praise  
 With like attempt. Of all our elder plays  
 This and Philaster have the loudest fame: 5  
 Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.  
 In both our English genius is express'd;  
 Lofty and bold, but negligently dress'd.

Above our neighbours our conceptions are;  
 But faultless writing is th' effect of care. 10  
 Our lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haste,  
 Polish'd like marble, would like marble last.  
 But as the present, so the last age writ;  
 In both we find like negligence and wit.  
 Were we but less indulgent to our faults, 15  
 And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,  
 Our Muse would flourish, and a nobler rage  
 Would honour this than did the Grecian stage.

Thus says our Author, not content to see  
 That others write as carelessly as he; 20  
 Tho' he pretends not to make things complete,  
 Yet, to please you, he'd have the poets sweat.

In this old play, what's new we have express'd  
 In rhyming verse, distinguish'd from the rest;

That as the Rhone its hasty way does make 25  
(Not mingling waters) thro' Geneva's lake,  
So having here the diff'rent styles in view,  
You may compare the former with the new.

If we less rudely shall the knot unty,  
Soften the rigour of the tragedy, 30  
And yet preserve each person's character,  
Then to the other this you may prefer.  
'Tis left to you : the Boxes and the Pit  
Are sov'reign judges of this sort of wit.  
In other things the knowing artist may 35  
Judge better than the people; but a play,  
(Made for delight, and for no other use)  
If you approve it not, has no excuse. 38

III.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY. SPOKEN BY THE KING.

THE fierce Melantius was content, you see,  
The King should live; be not more fierce than he :  
Too long indulgent to so rude a time,  
When love was held so capital a crime,  
That a crown'd head could no compassion find, 5  
But dy'd—because the killer had been kind!  
Nor is't less strange such mighty wits as those  
Should use a style in tragedy like prose.

Well-sounding verse, where princes tread the stage,  
 Should speak their virtue, or describe their rage. 10  
 By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,  
 We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades:  
 And verses are the potent charms we use,  
 Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse.

When next we act this tragedy again, 15  
 Unless you like the change, we shall be slain.  
 The innocent Aspasia's life or death,  
 Amintor's too, depends upon your breath.  
 Excess of love was heretofore the cause;  
 Now if we die 'tis want of your applause. 20

## IV.

## EPILOGUE

## TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

*Designed upon the first alteration of the play, when the  
 King only was left alive.*

ASPASIA bleeding on the stage does ly,  
 To shew you still 'tis the Maid's Tragedy.  
 The fierce Melantius was content, you see,  
 The King should live: be not more fierce than he:  
 Too long indulgent to so rude a time, 5  
 When love was held so capital a crime,  
 That a crown'd head could no compassion find,  
 But dy'd—because the killer had been kind!

'This better-natur'd Poet had repriev'd  
 Gentle Amintor too, had he believ'd 10  
 The fairer sex his pardon could approve,  
 Who to ambition sacrific'd his love.

Aspasia he has spar'd; but for her wound  
 (Neglected love!) there could no salve be found.

When next we act this tragedy again, 15  
 Unless you like the change, I must be slain.  
 Excess of love was heretofore the cause;  
 Now if I die 'tis want of your applause. 18



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## EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.

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### I. *Under a lady's picture.*

SUCH Helen was! and who can blame the boy \*  
That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy?  
But had like virtue shin'd in that fair Greek,  
The am'rous shepherd had not dar'd to seek  
Or hope for pity, but with silent mean,  
And better fate, had perished alone. 6

### II. *Of a lady who writ in praise of Mira.*

WHILE she pretends to make the graces known  
Of matchless Mira, she reveals her own:  
And when she would another's praise indite,  
Is by her glass instructed how to write. 4

### III. *To one married to an old man.*

SINCE thou wouldst needs (bewitch'd with some ill  
Be bury'd in those monumental arms, [charms!]  
All we can wish is, may that earth lie light  
Upon thy tender limbs! and so good night. 4

### IV. *An epigram on a painted lady with ill teeth.*

WERE men so dull they could not see  
That Lyce painted; should they see,

\* Paris.

Like simple birds, into a net  
 So grossly woven and ill set,  
 Her own teeth would undo the knot, 5  
 And let all go that she had got,  
 Those teeth fair Lyce must not show  
 If she would bite : her lovers, tho'  
 Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,  
 Are disabus'd when first she gapes : 10  
 The rotten bones discover'd there,  
 Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre. 12

V. *Epigram upon the golden medal.*

OUR guard upon the royal side!  
 On the reverse our beauty's pride!  
 Here we discern the frown and smile,  
 The force and glory of our isle.  
 In the rich medal, both so like 5  
 Immortals stand, it seems antique;  
 Carv'd by some master, when the bold  
 Greeks made their Jove descend in gold,  
 And Danae wond'ring at that show'r,  
 Which, falling, storm'd her brazen tow'r : 10  
 Britannia there, the fort in vain  
 Had batter'd been with golden rain:  
 Thunder itself had fail'd to pass  
 Virtue's a stronger guard than brass. 14

VI. *Written on a card that her Majesty \* tore at Ombre.*

THE cards you tear in value rise;  
So do the wounded by your eyes.  
Who to celestial things aspire,  
Are by that passion rais'd the higher. 4

VII. *To Mr. Granville, (now Lord Lansdown) on his verses to K. James II.*

AN early plant ! which such a blossom bears,  
And shews a genius so beyond his years :  
A judgment ! that could make so fair a choice ;  
So high a subject to employ his voice :  
Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing  
The growing greatness of our matchless King ! 6

VIII. *Long and short life.*

CIRCLES are prais'd, not that abound  
In largeness, but th' exactly round :  
So life we praise that does excel  
Not in much time, but acting well. 4

IX. *Translated out of Spanish.*

THO' we may seem importunate,  
While your compassion we implore,  
They whom you make too fortunate,  
May with presumption vex you more. 4

\* Q. Catharine.

X. *Translated out of French.*

FADE, Flowers! fade, Nature will have it so;  
 'Tis but what we must in our autumn do!  
 And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,  
 The loss alone by those that lov'd them found; 4  
 So in the grave shall we as quiet ly,  
 Miss'd by some few that lov'd our company:  
 But some so-like to thorns and nettles live,  
 That none for them can, when they perish, grieve. 8

XI. *Some verses of an imperfect copy, designed for a friend,  
 on his translation of Ovid's Fasti.*

ROME's holy-days you tell, as if a guest  
 With the old Romans you were wont to feast.  
 Numa's religion, by themselves believ'd,  
 Excels the true, only in shew receiv'd.  
 They made the nations round about them bow, 5  
 With their Dictators taken from the plow:  
 Such pow'r has justice, faith, and honesty!  
 The world was conquer'd by morality.  
 Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,  
 That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave; 10  
 But where religion does with virtue join,  
 It makes a hero like an angel shine. 12

\* \* \* \* \*

XII. *On the statue of King Charles I. at Charing-cross, in the year 1674.*

THAT the First Charles does here in triumph ride,  
 See his son reign'd where he a martyr dy'd;  
 And people pay that reverence as they pass,  
 (Which then he wanted!) to the sacred brass,  
 Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,  
 To which we owe the statue and the stone;  
 But Heav'n this lasting monument has wrought,  
 That mortals may eternally be taught  
 Rebellion, tho' successful, is but vain,  
 And kings so kill'd rise conquerors again. 10  
 This truth the royal image does proclaim,  
 Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame. 12

XIII. *Pride.*

NOT the brave Macedonian youth \* alone,  
 But base Caligula, when on the throne,  
 Boundless in pow'r, would make himself a god,  
 As if the world depended on his nod.  
 The Syrian King † to beasts was headlong thrown, 5  
 Ere to himself he could be mortal known.  
 The meanest wretch, if Heav'n should give him line,  
 Would never stop till he were thought divine.  
 All might within discern the serpent's pride,  
 If from ourselves nothing ourselves did hide. 10

\* Alexander. † Nebuchadnezzar.

Let the proud peacock his gay feathers spread,  
 And woo the female to his painted bed;  
 Let winds and seas together rage and swell;  
 This Nature teaches, and becomes them well.  
 "Pride was not made for men \*:" a conscious sense  
 Of guilt, and folly, and their consequence,  
 Destroys the claim, and to beholders tells,  
 Here nothing but the shape of Manhood dwells.

XIV. *Epitaph on Sir George Speke.*

UNDER this stone lies virtue, youth,  
 Unblemish'd probity, and truth:  
 Just unto all relations known,  
 A worthy patriot, pious son;  
 Whom neighb'ring towns so often sent,  
 To give their sense in parliament;  
 With lives and fortunes trusting one  
 Who so discreetly us'd his own.  
 Sober he was, wise, temperate,  
 Contented with an old estate,  
 Which no foul av'rice did increase,  
 Nor wanton luxury make less.  
 While yet but young, his father dy'd,  
 And left him to an happy guide:  
 Not Lemuel's mother with more care  
 Did counsel or instruct her heir,

\* Ecclesiasticus, chap. x. ver. 18.

- Or teach with more success her son  
 The vices of the time to shun.  
 An heiress she; while yet alive,  
 All that was her's to him did give; 20  
 And he just gratitude did show  
 To one that had oblig'd him so:  
 Nothing too much for her he thought,  
 By whom he was so bred and taught.  
 So (early made that path to tread, 25  
 Which did his youth to honour lead)  
 His short life did a pattern give  
 How neighbours, husbands, friends, should live.  
 The virtues of a private life  
 Exceed the glorious noise and strife 30  
 Of battles won: in those we find  
 The solid int'rest of mankind.  
 Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,  
 Tho' young, like fruit that's ripe he fell. 34

XV. *Epitaph on Colonel Charles Cavendish.*

- HERE lies Charles Ca'ndish: let the marble stone,  
 That hides his ashes, make his virtue known.  
 Beauty and valour did his short life grace,  
 The grief and glory of his noble race!  
 Early abroad he did the world survey, 5  
 As if he knew he had not long to stay:  
 Saw what great Alexander in the East  
 And mighty Julius conquer'd in the West:



Then with a mind as great as theirs he came  
 To find at home occasion for his fame; 10  
 Where dark confusion did the nations hide,  
 And where the juster was the weaker side.  
 Two loyal brothers took their Sov'reign's part,  
 Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art :  
 The elder \* did whole regiments afford; 15  
 The younger brought his conduct and his sword.  
 Born to command, a leader he begun,  
 And on the rebels lasting honour won.  
 The horse instructed by their gen'ral's worth,  
 Still made the King victorious in the North. 20  
 Where Ca'ndish fought the Royalists prevail'd;  
 Neither his courage nor his judgment fail'd.  
 The current of his vict'ries found no stop,  
 Till Cromwell came, his party's chiefest prop.  
 Equal success had set these champions high, 25  
 And both resolv'd to conquer or to die.  
 Virtue with rage, fury with valour strove;  
 But that must fall which is decreed above!  
 Cromwell with odds of number and of Fate,  
 Remov'd this bulwark of the church and state; 30  
 Which the sad issue of the war declar'd,  
 And made his task to ruin both less hard.  
 So when the bank, neglected, is o'erthrown,  
 The boundless torrent does the country drown.

\* William Earl of Devonshire.

'Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;  
Strew bays and flowers on his honour'd grave! 36

XVI. *Epitaph on the Lady Sedley.*

HERE lies the learned Savil's heir,  
So early wise, and lasting fair!  
'That none, except her years they told,  
Thought her a child, or thought her old.  
All that her father knew or got,  
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot;  
And she so well improv'd that stock,  
Both of his knowledge and his flock,  
That Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd  
In her, upon each other smil'd. 10  
While she, to ev'ry well-taught mind,  
Was so propitiously inclin'd,  
And gave such title to her store,  
'That none but th' ignorant were poor.  
'The Muses daily found supplies,  
Both from her hands and from her eyes.  
Her bounty did at once engage,  
And matchless beauty warm their rage.  
Such was this dame in calmer days,  
Her nation's ornament and praise! 20  
But when a storm disturb'd our rest,  
The port and refuge of th' oppress'd.  
This made her fortune understood,  
And look'd on as some public good.

So that (her person and her state, 25  
 Exempted from the common fate)  
 In all our Civil fury she  
 Stood, like a sacred temple, free.  
 May here her monument stand so,  
 To credit this rude age! and show 30  
 To future times, that even we  
 Some patterns did of virtue see;  
 And one sublime example had  
 Of good among so many bad. 34

XVII. *Epitaph to be written under the Latin inscription  
 upon the tomb of the only son of the Lord Andover.*

'Tis fit the English reader should be told,  
 In our own language, what this tomb does hold.  
 'Tis not a noble corpse alone does lie  
 Under this stone, but a whole family.  
 His parents' pious care, their name their joy, 5  
 And all their hope, lies buried with this boy:  
 This lovely Youth! for whom we all made moan,  
 That knew his worth, as he had been our own.

Had there been space and years enough allow'd,  
 His courage, wit, and breeding, to have show'd, 10  
 We had not found, in all the num'rous roll  
 Of his fam'd ancestors, a greater soul:  
 His early virtues to that ancient stock  
 Gave as much honour as from thence he took.

Like buds appearing ere the frosts are past, 15  
 To become man he made such fatal haste,  
 And to perfection labour'd so to climb,  
 Preventing slow experience and time,  
 That 'tis no wonder Death our hopes beguil'd.  
 He's seldom old that will not be a child. 20

XVIII. *Epitaph unfinished.*

GREAT Soul! for whom Death will no longer stay,  
 But sends in haste to snatch our bliss away.  
 O cruel Death! to those you take more kind  
 Than to the wretched mortals left behind! 4  
 Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue, shin'd,  
 Free from the clouds of pride that shade the mind.  
 Inspired verse may on this marble live,  
 But can no honour to thy ashes give—— 8

\* \* \* \* \*

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## DIVINE POEMS.

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### OF DIVINE LOVE.

A POEM. IN SIX CANTOS.

---

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant ;

Sic nos Scripturae depasciant aurea dicta ;

Aurea! perpetua, semper dignissima vita! • •

Nam divinus amor cum caepit vociferari,

Diffugiunt animi terrores: • •

Lucretius, lib. iii.

Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,

Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis: • •

Namque ubi nota calent sacra mea pectora Musa,

Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.

Ovid. de Trist. lib. iv. el. 1.

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### The Arguments.

- I. ASSERTING the authority of the Scripture, in which this love is revealed.
  - II. The preference and love of God to man in the creation.
  - III. The same love more amply declared in our redemption.
  - IV. How necessary this love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.
  - V. Shewing how happy the world would be, if this love were universally embraced.
  - VI. Of preserving this love in our memory, and how useful the contemplation thereof is.
- 

### CANTO I.

THE Grecian Muse has all their gods surviv'd,  
Nor Jove at us nor Phœbus is arriv'd;  
Frail deities! which first the poets made,  
And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid:  
Yet if they still divert us with their rage,  
What may be hop'd for in a better age,

When not from Helicon's imagin'd spring,  
 But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing?  
 This with the fabric of the world begun,  
 Elder than light, and shall outlast the sun. 10

Before this oracle, like Dagon, all  
 The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall:  
 Long since despis'd and silent, they afford  
 Honour and triumph to th' eternal Word.

As late philosophy our globe has grac'd, 15  
 And rolling earth among the planets plac'd,  
 So has this Book entitled us to heav'n,  
 And rules to guide us to that mansion giv'n:  
 Tells the conditions how our peace was made,  
 And is our pledge for the great Author's aid. 20  
 His pow'r in Nature's ample book we find,  
 But the less volume does express his mind.

This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught  
 That his blest gods vouchsafe us not a thought,  
 But unconcern'd let all below them slide, 25  
 As fortune does, or human wisdom, guide.  
 Religion thus remov'd, the sacred yoke,  
 And band of all society, is broke.

What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,  
 Where men regard no God but interest? 30  
 What endless war would jealous nations tear,  
 If none above did witness what they swear?  
 Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,  
 Among themselves to find so little trust!

Were Scripture silent, Nature would proclaim, 35  
 Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.  
 To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,  
 Is the first step towards being good or wise;  
 For tho' with judgment we on things reflect,  
 Our will determines, not our intellect. 40  
 Slaves to their passion, reason men employ  
 Only to compass what they would enjoy.  
 His fear to guard us from ourselves we need,  
 And Sacred Wit our reason does exceed:  
 For tho' heav'n shews the glory of the Lord, 45  
 Yet something shines more glorious in his Word:  
 His mercy this, (which all his work excels!)  
 His tender kindness and compassion tells  
 While we inform'd by that celestial Book,  
 Into the bowels of our Maker look. 50  
 Love there reveal'd, (which never shall have end,  
 Nor had beginning) shall our song commend,  
 Describe itself, and warm us with that flame  
 Which first from Heav'n, to make us happy, came! 54

## CANTO II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be blest,  
 Savours too much of private interest.  
 This mov'd not Moses, nor the zealous Paul,  
 Who for their friends abandon'd soul and all:  
 A greater yet from heav'n to hell descends, 5  
 To save and make his enemies his friends.



What line of praise can fathom such a love,  
Which reach'd the lowest bottom from above?  
The royal prophet \*, that extended grace  
From heav'n to earth, measur'd but half that space: 10  
The law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;  
Hell was not conquer'd when that poet wrote:  
Heav'n was scarce heard of until He came down,  
To make the region where love triumphs known.

That early love of creatures yet unmade, 15  
To frame the world th' Almighty did persuade;  
For love it was that first created light,  
Mov'd on the waters, chas'd away the night  
From the rude Chaos, and bestow'd new grace  
On things dispos'd of to their proper place: 20  
Some to rest here, and some to shine above;  
Earth, sea, and heav'n, were all th' effects of love.  
And love would be return'd: but there was none  
That to themselves or others yet were known:  
The world a palace was without a guest, 25  
Till one appears that must excel the rest:  
One! like the Author, whose capacious mind  
Might, by the glorious work, the Maker find;  
Might measure heav'n, and give each star a name;  
With art and courage the rough ocean tame; 30  
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,  
And that 'tis round by his experience know;  
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,  
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.

\* David.

When by his Word God had accomplish'd all, 35  
Man to create he did a council call;  
Employ'd his hand, to give the dust he took  
A graceful figure and majestic look;  
With his own breath convey'd into his breast  
Life, and a soul fit to command the rest; 40  
Worthy alone to celebrate his name  
For such a gift, and tell from whence it came.  
Birds sing his praises in a wilder note,  
But not with lasting numbers and with thought,  
Man's great prerogative! but above all 45  
His grace abounds in his new fav'rite's fall.

If he create, it is a world he makes;  
If he be angry, the creation shakes:  
From his just wrath our guilty parents fled;  
He curs'd the earth, but bruis'd the serpent's head. 50  
Amidst the storm his bounty did exceed,  
In the rich promise of the Virgin's seed:  
'Tho' justice death, as satisfaction, craves,  
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves. 54

## CANTO III.

Nor willing terror should his image move;  
He gives a pattern of eternal love;  
His Son descends to treat a peace with those  
Which were, and must have ever been, his foes.  
Poor he became, and left his glorious seat 5  
To make us humble, and to make us great:

His business here was happiness to give  
To those whose malice could not let him live.

Legions of angels, which he might have us'd,  
(For us resolv'd to perish) he refus'd:  
While they stood ready to prevent his loss,  
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the cross.  
Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,  
That we might be by such great love constrain'd  
To make return of love. Upon this pole  
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.  
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;  
'Tis an essay, a taste of heav'n below!

He to proud potentates would not be known;  
Of those that lov'd him he was hid from none.  
Till love appear we live in anxious doubt;  
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out:  
This is the fire that would consume our dross,  
Refine, and make us richer by the loss.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,  
We should agree as angels do above.  
Where love presides, not vice alone does find  
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind:  
Both faith, and hope, and all the meaner train  
Of mortal virtues, at the door remain.  
Love only enters as a native there,  
For, born in heav'n, it does but sojourn here.

He that alone would wise and mighty be,  
Commands that others love as well as he.

Love as he lov'd!—How can we soar so high?— 35  
 He can add wings when he commands to fly.  
 Nor should we be with this command dismay'd;  
 He that examples gives will give his aid:  
 For he took flesh, that where his precepts fail,  
 His practise, as a pattern, may prevail. 40  
 His love at once, and dread, instruct our thought;  
 As man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.  
 Will for the deed he takes: we may with ease  
 Obedient be, for if we love we please,  
 Weak tho' we are, to love is no hard task, 45  
 And love for love is all that Heav'n does ask.  
 Love! that would all men just and temp'rate make,  
 Kind to themselves and others for his sake.

'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,  
 Wanting this love they must with weeds abound, 50  
 (Unruly passions) whose effects are worse  
 Than thorns and thistles springing from the curse, 52

## CANTO IV.

To glory man, or misery, is born,  
 Of his proud foe the envy, or the scorn:  
 Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;  
 Base in himself, but great in Heav'n's esteem:  
 With love, of all created things the best; 5  
 Without it, more pernicious than the rest;  
 For greedy wolves ungarded sheep devour  
 But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er:

Man's boundless avarice his wants exceeds,  
And on his neighbours round about him feeds. 10

His pride and vain ambition are so vast,  
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste.  
Debauches and excess (tho' with less noise)  
As great a portion of mankind destroys.  
The beasts and monsters Hercules oppress,  
Might in that age some provinces infest: 15  
These more destructive monsters are the bane  
Of ev'ry age, and in all nations reign;  
But soon would vanish, if the world were bless'd  
With sacred love, by which they are repress'd. 20

Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,  
Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell;  
And a vex'd conscience, mingling with their joy  
Thoughts of despair does their whole life annoy;  
But love appearing, all those terrors fly; 25  
We live contented, and contented die.  
They in whose breast this sacred love has place,  
Death as a passage to their joy embrace.  
Clouds and thick vapours, which obscure the day,  
The sun's victorious beams may chase away: 30  
Those which our life corrupt and darken, love  
(The nobler star!) must from the soul remove.  
Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year;  
This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere,  
Of heav'n the joy, the glory, and the light;  
Shines among angels, and admits no night. 36

## CANTO V.

THIS Iron Age (so fraudulent and bold!)  
Touch'd with this love, would be an Age of Gold:  
Not, as they feign'd, that oaks should honey drop,  
Or land neglected bear an unsown crop;  
Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap; 5  
None for himself would either sow or reap:  
Our ready help and mutual love would yield  
A nobler harvest than the richest field.  
Famine and death, confin'd to certain parts,  
Extended are by barrenness of hearts. 10  
Some pine for want where others surfeit now;  
But then we should the use of plenty know.  
Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand,  
And spread Heav'n's bounty with an equal hand:  
At once the givers and receivers bless, 15  
Increase their joy, and make their suff'ring less.  
Who for himself no miracle would make,  
Dispens'd with sev'ral for the people's sake:  
He that, long fasting, would no wonder show,  
Made loaves and fishes, as they ate them, grow. 20  
Of all his pow'r, which boundless was above,  
Here he us'd none but to express his love;  
And such a love would make our joy exceed,  
Not when our own, but other mouths we feed.

Laws would be useless which rude nature awe; 25  
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:

Tigers and lions into dens we thrust,  
 But milder creatures with their freedom trust.  
 Devils are chain'd; and tremble; but the Spouse, **T**  
 No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows, **30**  
 Men (whom we now so fierce and dang'rous see)  
 Would guardian angels to each other be;  
 Such wonders can this mighty love perform,  
 Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!  
 Love what Isaiah prophesy'd can do, **35**  
 Exalt the vallies, lay the mountains low,  
 Humble the lofty, the dejected raise,  
 Smooth and make straight our rough and crooked ways.  
 Love, strong as death, and like it, levels all;  
 With that posselt, the great in title fall: **40**  
 Themselves esteem but equal to the least,  
 Whom Heav'n with that high character has blest.  
 This love, the centre of our union, can  
 Alone bestow complete repose on man;  
 Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace; **45**  
 And foreign strife among the nations cease.  
 No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,  
 Nor princes arm, tho' to subdue the East,  
 Where for the tomb so many heroes (taught  
 By those that guided their devotion) fought. **50**  
 Thrice-happy we, could we like ardour have  
 To gain his love, as they to win his grave!  
 Love as he lov'd! A love so unconfin'd,  
 With arms extended, would embrace mankind.



Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when 55  
We should behold as many selfs as men;  
All of one family, in blood ally'd,  
His precious blood, that for our ransom dy'd! 58

## CANTO VI.

THO' the creation (so divinely taught!)  
Prints such a lively image on our thought,  
That the first spark of new-created light,  
From Chaos strook, affects our present sight,  
Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest 5  
The day of rising than the day of rest,  
That ev'ry week might new occasion give  
To make his triumph in their mem'ry live.  
Then let our Muse compose a sacred charm  
To keep his blood among us ever warm, 10  
And singing as the blessed do above,  
With our last breath dilate this flame of love.  
But on so vast a subject who can find  
Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?  
Our language fails; or, if it could supply, 15  
What mortal thought can raise itself so high?  
Despairing here, we might abandon art,  
And only hope to have it in our heart.  
But tho' we find this sacred task too hard,  
Yet the design, th' endeavour, brings reward. 20  
The contemplation does suspend our woe,  
And makes a truce with all the ills we know.

As Saul's afflicted spirit from the sound  
Of David's harp a present solace found;  
So on this theme while we our Muse engage,  
No wounds are felt of Fortune or of Age.  
On Divine Love to meditate is peace,  
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.

Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find  
A boundless Pow'r so infinitely kind,  
The soul contending to that light to flee  
From her dark cell, we practise how to die;  
Employing thus the poet's winged art,  
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.  
Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,  
Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there;  
Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,  
When from the East the rising sun comes on.

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OF THE FEAR OF GOD.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace,  
And makes all ills that vex us here to cease.  
Tho' the word Fear, some men may ill endure,  
'Tis such a fear as only makes secure.  
Ask of no angel to reveal thy fate;  
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.  
He that invites will not th' invited mock,  
Op'ning to all that do in earnest knock.  
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;  
All our assurance rolls upon that sphere. 10  
This fear, that drives all other fears away,  
Shall be my song the morning of our day!  
Where that fear is there's nothing to be fear'd:  
It brings from heav'n an angel for a guard.  
Tranquillity and peace this fear does give; 15  
Hell gapes for those that do without it live.  
It is a beam which he on man lets fall  
Of light, by which he made and governs all.  
'Tis God alone should not offended be;  
But we please others, as more great than he. 20  
For a good cause the sufferings of man  
May well be borne; 'tis more than angels can.  
Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,  
Above the angels, or below the beasts

He with true joy their hearts does only fill, 25  
That thirst and hunger to perform his will.  
Others, tho' rich, shall in this world be vext,  
And sadly live, in terror of the next.  
The world's great conqu'ror \* would his point pursue,  
And wept because he could not find a new; 30  
Which had he done, yet still he would have cry'd,  
To make him work until a third he spy'd.  
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe  
To Heav'n itself, unless it make them grow.  
Tho' richly fed, man's care does still exceed; 35  
Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.  
In wealth and honour, by such men possess'd,  
If it increase not, there is found no rest.  
All their delight is while their wish comes in;  
Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been. 40  
'Tis strange men should neglect their present store,  
And take no joy but in pursuing more;  
No! tho' arriv'd at all the world can aim;  
This is the mark and glory of our frame.  
A soul capacious of the Deity, 45  
Nothing but he that made can satisfy.  
A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,  
Less than so many drops of water are.  
Men take no pleasure but in new designs;  
And what they hope for what they have outshines. 50  
Our sheep and oxen seem no more to crave,  
With full content feeding on what they have;

• Alexander.

Vex not themselves for an increase of store,  
 But think to-morrow we shall give them more.  
 What we from day to day receive from Heav'n, 55  
 They do from us expect it should be giv'n.  
 We made them not, yet they on us rely,  
 More than vain men upon the Deity;  
 More beasts than they! that will not understand  
 That we are fed from his immediate hand. 60  
 Man, that in him has being, moves, and lives,  
 What can he have or use but what he gives?  
 So that no bread can nourishment afford,  
 Or useful be, without his Sacred Word. 64

## CANTO II.

EARTH praises conquerors for shedding blood,  
 Heav'n those that love their foes, and do them good.  
 It is terrestrial honour to be crown'd  
 For strowing men, like rushes, on the ground.  
 True glory 'tis to rise above them all;  
 Without the advantage taken by their fall. 5  
 He that in fight diminishes mankind,  
 Does no addition to his stature find;  
 But he that does a noble nature show,  
 Obliging others, still does higher grow : 10  
 For virtue practis'd such an habit gives,  
 That among men he like an angel lives :  
 Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell,  
 Lov'd and admir'd by those he does excel. 14

Fools anger shew, which politicians hide; 13  
Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.  
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,  
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong;  
Nor sees he reason why he should engage,  
Or vex his spirit, for another's rage. 26  
Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities, tost  
On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.  
The rolling planets, and the glorious sun,  
Still keep that order which they first begun:  
They their first lesson constantly repeat, 25  
Which their Creator as a law did set.  
Above, below, exactly all obey;  
But wretched men have found another way:  
Knowledge of good and evil, as at first,  
(That vain persuasion!) keeps them still accurst! 30  
The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,  
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.  
As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand  
Of some great master, at the figure stand,  
But when abroad, neglected they do go, 35  
At random strike, and the false hour do show;  
So from our Maker wandering, we stray,  
Like birds that know not to their nests the way.  
In him we dwelt before our exile here,  
And may, returning, find contentment there: 40  
True joy may find, perfection of delight,  
Behold his face, and shun eternal night.

Silence, my Muse! make not these jewels cheap,  
Exposing to the world too large an heap.  
Of all we read the Sacred Writ is best, 45  
Where great truths are in fewest words exprest.

Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;  
No other theme could give my soul delight.  
O that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!  
Or that I now could write as well as then! 50  
But 'tis of grace if sickness, age, and pain,  
Are felt as throes, when we are born again:  
'Timely they come to wean us from this earth,  
As pangs that wait upon a second birth. 54



# OF DIVINE POESY.

## TWO CANTOS.

*Occasioned upon sight of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah  
turned into verse by Mrs. Wharton.*

### CANTO IV.

POETS we prize, when in their verse we find  
Some great employment of a worthy mind.  
Angles have been inquisitive to know  
The secret which this oracle does show.  
What was to come Isaiah did declare, 5  
Which she describes as if she had been there;  
Had seen the wounds, which to the reader's view  
She draws so lively, that they bleed a-new.  
As ivy thrives which on the oak takes hold,  
So with the Prophet's may her lines grow old! 10  
If they should die, who can the world forgive,  
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?  
Who with his breath his image did inspire,  
Expects it should foment a nobler fire:  
Not love which brutes as well as men may know; 15  
But love like his to whom that breath we owe.  
Verse so design'd, on that high subject wrote,  
Is the perfection of an ardent thought;  
The smoke which we from burning incense raise,  
When we complete the sacrifice of praise. 20

In boundless verse the fancy soars too high  
For any object but the Deity.  
What mortal can with Heav'n pretend to share  
In the superlatives of wise and fair?  
A meaner subject when with these we grace, 25  
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.  
Sacred should be the product of our Muse,  
Like that sweet oil, above all private use,  
On pain of death forbidden to be made,  
But when it should be on the altar laid. 30  
Verse shews a rich inestimable vein,  
When dropp'd from heav'n 'tis thither sent again.

Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,  
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise:  
For as that angel up to heav'n did rise, 35  
Borne on the flame of Manoah's sacrifice;  
So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky,  
Teach clouds and stars to praise him as we fly;  
The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)  
His praise to echo, and suspend their moan. 40  
For that he reigns all creatures should rejoice,  
And we with songs supply their want of voice.  
The church triumphant, and the church below,  
In songs of praise their present union show:  
Their joys are full; our expectation long; 45  
In life we differ, but we join in song.  
Angels and we, assisted by this art,  
May sing together, tho' we dwell a-part.

Thus we reach heav'n, while vainer poems must  
 No higher rise than winds may lift the dust. 50  
 From that they spring; this from his breath that gave,  
 To the first dust, th' immortal soul we have.  
 His praise well sung, (our great endeavour here)  
 Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear. 54

## CANTO II.

HE that did first this way of writing grace \*,  
 Convers'd with the Almighty face to face:  
 Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,  
 When he had more than eighty winters told,  
 The writer feels no dire effect of age, 5  
 Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage,  
 Eldest of poets, he beheld the light,  
 When first it triumph'd o'er eternal night:  
 Chaos he saw, and could distinctly tell  
 How that confusion into order fell. 10  
 As if consulted with, he has express'd  
 The work of the Creator, and his rest;  
 How the flood drown'd the first offending race,  
 Which might the figure of our globe deface.  
 For new-made earth, so even and so fair, 15  
 Less equal now, uncertain makes the air;  
 Surpris'd with heat and unexpected cold,  
 Early distempers make our youth look old:  
 Our days so evil, and so few, may tell  
 That on the ruins of that world we dwell. 20

\* Moses.

Strong as the oaks that nourish'd them, and high,  
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,  
Neglecting Heav'n; but we of shorter date!  
Should be more mindful of impendent fate.  
To worms that crawl upon this rubbish here,  
This span of life may yet too long appear:  
Enough to humble; and to make us great,  
If it prepare us for a nobler seat.  
Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,  
Taught wretched man how fast his life declines  
In whom he dwelt before the world was made,  
And may again retire when that shall fade.  
The lasting Iliads have not liv'd so long  
As his and Deborah's triumphant song.  
Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire,  
But that which governs the celestial choir,  
Heav'n to the pious did this art reveal,  
And from their store succeeding poets steal.  
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,  
And swell'd so high, by her old Kishon taught,  
His river scarce could fierce Achilles stay;  
Her's, more successful, swept her foes away.  
The host of heaven, his Phœbus and his Mars,  
He arms, instructed by her fighting stars.  
She led them all against the common foe;  
But he (misled by what he saw below!)  
The pow'rs above, like wretched men, divides,  
And breaks their union into diff'rent sides.

The noblest parts which in his heroes shine,  
 May be but copies of that heroine. 50  
 Homer himself, and Agamemnon, she  
 The writer could, and the commander, be.  
 Truth she relates in a sublimer strain,  
 Than all the tales the boldest Greeks could feign;  
 For what she sung that spirit did indite, 55  
 Which gave her courage and success in fight.  
 A double garland crowns the matchless dame;  
 From Heav'n her poem and her conquest came.

Tho' of the Jews she merit most esteem,  
 Yet here the Christian has the greater theme: 60  
 Her martial song describes how Sis'ra fell;  
 This sings our triumph over death and hell.  
 The rising light employ'd the sacred breath  
 Of the blest Virgin and Elisabeth.  
 In songs of joy the angels sung his birth: 65  
 Here how he treated was upon the earth  
 Trembling we read! th' affliction and the scorn,  
 Which for our guilt so patiently was borne!  
 Conception, birth, and suff'ring, all belong,  
 (Tho' various parts) to one celestial song; 70  
 And she, well using so divine an art,  
 Has in this consort sung the tragic part.

As Hannah's seed was vow'd to sacred use,  
 So here this lady consecrates her Muse.  
 With like reward may Heav'n her bed adorn,  
 With fruit as fair as by her Muse is born! 76

ON THE  
PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER

WRITTEN BY MRS. WHARTON.

SILENCE, you Winds! listen, ethereal Lights!  
While our Urania sings what Heav'n indites:  
The numbers are the nymph's; but from above  
Descends the pledge of that eternal love.  
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,  
But are instructed to approach his throne;  
And how can he to miserable men  
Deny requests which his own hand did pen?

In the Evangelists we find the prose  
Which, paraphras'd by her, a poem grows; 10  
A devout rapture! so divine a hymn,  
It may become the highest seraphim!  
For they, like her, in that celestial choir,  
Sing only what the spirit does inspire:  
Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may  
For all but pardon for offences pray. 16

SOME REFLECTIONS OF HIS

*upon the several*

PETITIONS IN THE SAME PRAYER.

I. **H**IS sacred name with reverence profound  
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the sound!  
It was Jehovah; 'tis Our Father now;  
So low to us does Heav'n vouchsafe to bow \*!  
He brought it down that taught us how to pray, 5  
And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,  
Unless he does in our affections reign.  
Absurd it were to wish for such a King,  
And not obedience to his sceptre bring, 10  
Whose yoke is easy, and his burthen light,  
His service freedom, and his judgments right.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;  
But, as in heav'n, it must be made our own.  
His will should all our inclinations sway, 15  
Whom Nature and the universe obey.  
Happy the man! whose wishes are confin'd  
To what has been eternally design'd;  
Referring all to his paternal care,  
To whom more dear than to ourselves we are. 20

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up;  
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup:

\* Psalm xviii. 9.



Like new-born babes depending on the breast,  
 From day to day we on his bounty feast:  
 Nor should the soul expect above a day 25  
 To dwell in her frail tenement of clay:  
 The setting sun should seem to bound our race,  
 And the new day a gift of special grace.

V. *That he should all our trespasses forgive,*  
 While we in hatred with our neighbours live: 30  
 Tho' so to pray may seem an easy task,  
 We curse ourselves when thus inclin'd we ask.  
 This pray'r to use, we ought with equal care  
 Our souls, as to the sacrament, prepare.  
 The noblest worship of the Pow'r above, 35  
 Is to extol and imitate his love;  
 Not to forgive our enemies alone,  
 But use our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe;*  
 And those we may in several stations know: 40  
 The rich and poor in slipp'ry places stand.  
 Give us enough! but with a sparing hand!  
 Not ill-persuading want, nor wanton wealth,  
 But what proportion'd is to life and health:  
 For not the dead but living sing thy praise,  
 Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise. 46

*Pavete linguæ! . . . .  
 Virginibus puerisque cante.*

*Hor.*

# ON THE FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,  
The subject made us able to indite:  
The soul, with nobler resolutions deckt,  
The body stooping, does herself erect.  
No mortal parts are requisite to raise  
Her that, unbody'd, can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er:  
So, calm are we when passions are no more!  
For then we know how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.  
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age deservies.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made:  
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
As they draw near to their eternal home.  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

• • • Miratur limen Olympi. Virg.

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# OBSERVATIONS\*.

ONE of our most celebrated writers, both for learning and language, has defined satire and invective to be the easiest kind of wit, because almost any degree of it will serve to abuse and find fault: "for wit, (says he) is a keen instrument, and every one can cut and gash with it; but to carve a beautiful image, and polish it, requires great art and dexterity. To praise any thing well is an argument of much more wit than to abuse. A little wit, and a great deal of ill-nature, will furnish a man for satire; but the greatest instance of wit is to commend well. And, perhaps, the best things are the hardest to be duly commended; for though there be a great deal of matter to work upon, yet there is great judgment required to make choice; and where the subject is great and excellent, it is hard not to sink below the dignity of it." Whether or not Dr. Tillotson had Mr. Waller in his thoughts when he was giving this description of wit, it is evident that he has, in the liveliest colours, delineated the character of his genius and writings. And since it was his principal intention to recommend, with all the ornaments of poetry, the brightest examples of his own age to the imitation of all that should succeed, and even desired that every verse might be expunged which did not

\* Excerpted from Mr. Fenton's Quarto edition of 1729.

imply some motive to virtue, I believe it will be serviceable to many of his admirers, in a few cursory Remarks, to give an account of the occasions on which some of his poems were written, and the characters of the persons to whom others were addressed; many of which, at the distance of an hundred years, must be grown obscure to most of his readers. Nor shall I be much concerned at the censure of those who may think, I have bestowed too much pains on a modern poet of our own nation, before I am convinced that we owe less to the memory of Mr. Waller, than Italy and France have long since paid to their Petrarch and Matherbe; the former of whom is said to have employed as many commentators as even Virgil himself, and not only the learned Menage, but all the French Academy, thought the latter highly deserved their consideration.

## VOL. IV

## MISCELLANIES.

*Of the danger his Majesty (being Prince) escaped in the road at St. Andero, p. 57.*

THIS poem may serve as a model for those who intend to succeed in panegyric, in which our Author illustrates a plain historical fact with all the graces of poetical fiction; as will appear by comparing it with

the subject, as the writers of that age have left it recorded. Prince Charles having spent about six months at Madrid in soliciting a marriage with the Infanta of Spain, was at length disgusted with the affected delays which he met with in that court, and resolved on returning to England. The royal navy, under the command of the Earl of Rutland, being arrived in the Bay of Biscay, at the port of St. Andero, he was attended from Madrid by the Cardinal Zapata, the Marquis Aytone, the Earls of Gondemar, Monterie, Baraias, and other grandees, whom the Prince entertained magnificently on shipboard; but in carrying them back to shore, a tempest overtook them with so much fury, that they could neither reach land nor regain the fleet; and night coming on when the rowers were fainting with toil, their horror was almost increased to despair. In this calamity they yielded themselves to the mercy of the seas, till, at last, they spied a light in a ship, near to which the storm had driven them; on which, not without much danger of being dashed to pieces, they were safely received; and when the tempest abated, his Highness returned to the Admiralty and arrived at Portsmouth on the 5th of October 1623, when (as our English Cleero expresseth it) the whole nation seemed for joy to go out beyond its own shores to meet him. This adventure happened in the eighteenth year of Mr. Waller's age; by which it appears, that he began to write only twenty-

five years after the death of Spenser; of whom I shall say something more in the course of these Observations.

*Of his Majesty's receiving the news of the Duke of Buckingham's death, p. 63.*

GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of Buckingham, was a person whom Nature seemed to have solicitously intended for a court; and Fortune was equally industrious to accomplish her intentions. At his first appearance there he was received with the smile of K. James I. who, from the station of a private gentleman, in a few years advanced him to all the dignities that even himself could desire; and no other person was employed in any eminent post, who did not owe their rise to, or their dependence entirely upon, him. By a singular felicity he preserved and improved the same interest with K. Charles I.; so that the crown of England, upon whatever head it shone, seemed to have been destined to reflect a lustre on his fortune. In this career of prosperity he gave the rein to many criminal passions, and thought nothing unlawful that could gratify his lust, his ambition, or his revenge, which precipitated him into many unpopular and unjustifiable actions, by which, at length, he became odious to the nation; till Providence suffered him to be cut off in the full strength and verdure of his age (for he had not exceeded the thirty-sixth year), by the vulgar

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hand of a melancholic assassin. The person was one Lieut. Felton, who apprehended himself injured by the Duke, who, upon the vacancy of a captain's commission, had placed another in that post, to which Felton thought that his services entitled him. Accordingly, to accomplish his revenge, when the Duke was at Portsmouth, ready to embark on board the fleet that was to relieve Rochelle, the Lieutenant pursued him thither, where waiting an opportunity to perpetrate his horrid design, at the first that offered itself he stabbed him to the heart; the court being then at Southwick, the seat of Sir Daniel Norton, about five miles distant from the scene where this tragedy was acted. The King's behaviour on this occasion is the subject of Mr. Waller's poem. The Duke having been murdered on the 23d of August 1628, it is evident that Mr. Waller wrote this poem *anno atat.* 23.

*On the taking of Salle, p. 65.*

SALLE is a city in the province of Fez, and derives its name from the river Sala, on which it is situated, near its influx into the Atlantic ocean. It was a place of good commerce, till addicting itself entirely to piracy, and revolting from its allegiance to the Emperor of Morocco, in the year 1632 he sent an embassy to King Charles, desiring him to send a squadron of men of war to lie before the town whilst he attacked



it by land; which the King consenting to, the city was soon reduced, the fortifications demolished, and the leaders of the rebellion put to death. The year following the Emperor sent another ambassador with a present of fine Barbary horses, and three hundred Christian slaves; at the same time desiring his Majesty, that "since it had pleased God to be so auspicious to their beginning, in the conquest of Salle, they might join and succeed, with hope of like success, in war against Tunis, Algier, and other places, dens and receptacles for the inhuman villanies of those that abhor rule and government." From whence it appears that Mr. Waller wrote this poem *anno atat. 28.*

*Puerperium, p. 73.*

As far as we are able to guess, at this distance, Mr. Waller seems to have written this poem in the year 1640, *anno atat. 35*, before the Queen was delivered, at Oatlands, of her fourth son, Henry Duke of Gloucester, while the Scots were marching into England.

*The Countess of Carlisle in mourning, p. 74.*

To form a just idea of the person whose death occasioned the writing of these verses, it will be necessary to peruse his character, as it is drawn by the Earl of

Clarendon, whom on all occasions I shall employ to set Mr. Waller's Poems in a clearer light; and I presume, if Thucydides and Livy could have been made as serviceable in illustrating the Greek and Roman Classics, the world would never have accused their editors of being too sparing of their own speculations.

“ He was a younger brother of a noble family in Scotland, and came into the kingdom with King James, as a gentleman, under no other character than a person well qualified by his breeding in France, and by study in human learning, in which he bore a good part in the entertainment of the King, who much delighted in that exercise; and by these means, and notable gracefulness in his behaviour, and affability, in which he excelled, he had wrought himself into a particular interest with his master, and into greater affection and esteem with the whole English nation, than any other of that country; by chusing their friendships and conversation, and really preferring it to any of his own: insomuch as, upon the King's making him Gentleman of his Bedchamber, and Viscount Doncaster, by his royal mediation (in which office he was a most prevalent prince) he obtained the sole daughter and heir of the Lord Denny to be given him in marriage; by which he had a fair fortune in land provided for any issue he should raise, and which his son, by this lady, lived long to enjoy. He ascended, afterwards,

“ and with the expedition he desired, to the other  
“ conveniencies of the court. He was Groom of the  
“ Stole, and an Earl, and Knight of the Garter; and  
“ married a beautiful young lady, daughter to the  
“ Earl of Northumberland, without any other appro-  
“ bation of her father, or concernment in it, than  
“ suffering him and her to come into his presence af-  
“ ter they were married. He lived rather in a fair in-  
“ telligence than any friendship with the favourites,  
“ having credit enough with his master to provide for  
“ his own interest, and he troubled not himself for  
“ that of other men; and had no other consideration  
“ of money than for the support of his lustre; and  
“ whilst he could do that he cared not for money,  
“ having no bowels in the point of running in debt,  
“ or borrowing all he could. He was surely a man of  
“ the greatest expense, in his own person, of any in the  
“ age he lived, and introduced more of that expense,  
“ in the excess of clothes and diet, than any other  
“ man; and was indeed the original of all those in-  
“ ventions from which others did but transcribe co-  
“ pies. He had a great universal understanding, and  
“ could have taken as much delight in any other way,  
“ if he had thought any other as pleasant, and worth  
“ his care; but he found business was attended with  
“ more rivals and vexations, and, he thought, with  
“ much less pleasure, and not more innocence. He  
“ left behind him the reputation of a very fine gen-

" then , and a most accomplished courtier ; and after  
 " having spent, in a very jovial life, above 400,000 *l*.  
 " which, upon a strict computation, he received from  
 " the crown, he left not a house nor acre of land to be  
 " remembered by. And when he had in his prospect  
 " (for he was very sharp-sighted, and saw as far be-  
 " fore him as most men) the gathering together of  
 " that cloud in Scotland, which shortly after cover-  
 " ed both kingdoms, he died with as much tranquil-  
 " lity of mind, to all appearance, as used to attend a  
 " man of more severe exercise of virtue, and with as  
 " little apprehension of death, which he expected  
 " many days."

His expensive luxury has been just now mention-  
 ed in the Earl of Clarendon's character, to which I  
 will add what is recorded by Osborn, who was like-  
 wise his contemporary. " The Earl of Carlisle," says  
 he, " was one of the quorum that brought in the va-  
 " nity of ante-suppers, not heard of in our forefa-  
 " thers' time, and, for ought I have read, or at least  
 " remember, unpractised by the most luxurious ty-  
 " rants; the manner of which was, to have the board  
 " covered at the first entrance of the guests with dishes  
 " as high as a tall man could well reach, filled with  
 " the choicest and dearest viands sea or land could  
 " afford : and all this once seen, and having feasted  
 " the eyes of the invited was in a manner thrown  
 " away, and fresh set on to the same height, having

" only this advantage of the other, that it was hot.  
 " I cannot forget one of the attendants of the King  
 " that, at a feast made by this monster in excess, ate,  
 " to his single share, a whole pie, reckoned to my Lord  
 " at 10 *l.* another writer says at 20 *l.*" \* \* \*. What fol-  
 lows is too coarse to be transcribed, till he comes to  
 tell us \* \* \*. " When the most able physicians, and the  
 " Earl's own weakness, had passed judgment he could  
 " not live many days, he did not forbear his entertain-  
 " ments, but made divers brave clothes (as he said)  
 " to outface naked and despicable Death withal;  
 " blaspheming God so far in the person of his hand-  
 " maid Nature, as to say she wanted wisdom, love,  
 " or power, in making man mortal, and subject to  
 " diseases; forgetting that if every individual his  
 " own lust had been able to have produced should  
 " have prosecuted an equal excess with his, they  
 " would, in a far less time than an age, have brought  
 " themselves or the world into the same disease he  
 " died of, which was a consumption."

*In answer to one who writ a libel against the Countess of  
 Carlisle, p. 76.*

THE title of this poem is supplied from the table to  
 the first edition: the beginning of it refers to a pas-  
 sage in the fifth Iliad, where Homer introduceth Pal-  
 las inspiring Diomedes to wound Venus, when she  
 was rescuing her son Æneas from imminent danger  
 in a combat.

*On my Lady Dorothy Sidney's picture, p. 78.*

ROBERT SIDNEY, the second of that name who succeeded to the Earldom of Leicester, married the Lady Dorothy Percy, sister to the celebrated Countess of Carlisle, by whom he had a numerous issue. Of eight daughters, the Lady Dorothy, whom Mr. Waller has made immortal in his Poems, was the first-born; but when or where she was born I have not been able to discover, no mention being made of her name in the register at Penshurst: so that, like the Grecian Venus, (whom the Muses, I think, never pretended to have seen in her cradle) she appears at once in the full bloom and lustre of beauty, to receive the hymns of her adorers.

*Non licuit populis parvam te, Diva, videre.*

In the year 1639 she was married to Henry Lord Spenser, created Earl of Sunderland by K. Charles I. in whose cause, a little more than four years after his marriage, he was slain at the battle of Newbury, before he had completed the twenty-third year of his age. "A lord of great fortune, and early judgment! " who having no command in the army, attended " upon the King's person under the obligation of " honour; and putting himself, that day, (Sept, 20<sup>th</sup> " 1643) in the King's troop a volunteer, before they " came to charge was taken away by a cannon bullet."

By this lady he left three children, only one of which was a son, from whom the present Earl of Sunderland is lineally descended; and having survived her lord about forty years, she was buried in the same vault with him, at Brinton in Northamptonshire, on the 25th of February 1683.

*Such was Philoclea, and such Dorus' flame !]* This verse is restored to its native purity from the edition that was printed in the year 1645.

*At Penshurst, p. 79.*

THE name of this seat denotes its situation to be in a woody country, which is the extremity of the Wealde of Kent, to which Mr. Waller has alluded :

Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,  
That it became a garden of a wood.

In the reign of K. Edward VI. it was forfeited to the crown by its former proprietor, and granted by that Prince to Sir William Sidney, Lord Chamberlain of his Household.

*Had Dorothea liv'd, &c.]* This verse is printed as it stands in the old edition; by which the poem appears to have been written before Mr. Waller had determined to celebrate this lady under the name of Sacharissa, a name which recalls to mind what is related of the Turks, who, in their gallantries, think *sucar birpara*, i. e. bit of sugar, to be the most polite and endearing compliment they can use to the ladies.



*The story of Phæbus and Daphne applied, p. 84.*

THE passion of Apollo for Daphne is related by Ovid, in the first book of his *Metamorphoses*, the application of which has produced one of the most beautiful poems in our own or any other modern language: Yet I cannot think Mr. Waller was so peculiarly fond of it as likewise to be author of the following version, but rather give credit to a memorandum which I once found in the margin of an old edition, which affirmed that Sir John Suckling translated it into Latin.

*So in those nations which the sun adore, &c.]* This simile is restored from the edition that was printed in the year 1645, in all others it is omitted.

*Upon the death of my Lady Rich, p. 90.*

IN all Mr. Waller's collection of beauties, no one appears more amiable in all lights than she whose untimely death is deplored in this excellent elegy. She was the Lady Anne Cavendish, sole daughter of William Earl of Devonshire, and was married to the heir of that Earl of Warwick whose character will be recited in those Observations; by whom she left only one son, who, long after her death, married Cromwell's youngest daughter. An alliance which, had she lived, she would no doubt have endeavoured to prevent, as it was most cordially detested by all her own loyal

relations. Before she had completed the twenty-seventh year of her age, she died at Lees, and was buried at Felsted in Essex, in the year 1638; so that we may conclude Mr. Waller wrote this poem *anno etat.*

33. A lady! whose accomplishments were in every kind so extraordinary, that they seem to have transcended even his genius to delineate them as they deserved: and therefore I will add another description of her person, from which, when we have formed an idea of consummate beauty and virtue, and applied it to my Lady Rich, we shall not flatter her memory. The verses were written by Mr. Sidney Godolphin, a young gentleman of extraordinary parts, who, in an engagement with the rebels in the west, was slain at Chagford, a little town in the south of Devon, leaving the misfortune of his death upon a place which could never otherwise have had a mention to the world.

Possess'd of all that Nature could bestow,  
All we can wish to be, or reach to know;  
Equal to all the patterns which our mind  
Can frame of good beyond the good we find;  
All beauties which have pow'r to bless the sight,  
Mix'd with transparent virtue's greater light;  
At once producing love and reverence,  
The admiration of the soul and sense;  
The most discerning thoughts, the calmest breast,  
Most apt to pardon, needing pardon least;  
The largest mind, and which did most extend  
To all the laws of daughter, wife, and friend;  
The most allow'd example, by what line  
To live, what path to follow, what decline;

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Who best all distant virtues reconcil'd,  
 Strict, cheerful, humble, great, severe, and mild;  
 Constantly pious to her latest breath,  
 Not more a pattern in her life than death;  
 The Lady Rich lies here, More frequent tears  
 Have never honour'd any tomb than her's,  
 Save that she grac'd, &c.] In all the editions it is  
 printed *you* grac'd, as directed to Sacharissa; but I  
 doubt not of the verse being originally written as it  
 is here restored; for the Lady Dorothy Sidney was  
 not married till about a year after this poem was  
 composed, and; consequently; a faultless wife could  
 be then no part of her character.

*Of Mrs. Arden, p. 97.*

I suppose she was either a Maid of Honour, or a Gentlewoman of the Bedchamber, to K. Charles I.'s Queen; and the same who is mentioned in the list of Court ladies who acted Mr. Montague's Shepherd's Paradise, which is deservedly ridiculed by Sir John Suckling in his Session of the Poets.

*Of the marriage of the Dwarfs, p. 98.*

THE persons on whom these verses were written, were Mr. Richard Gibson, a favourite Page of the Backstairs, and Mrs. Anne Shepherd, whose marriage King Charles I. honoured with his presence, and gave the

bride. I have seen both of them painted by Sir Peter Lely, and they appeared to have been of an equal stature, each of them measuring three feet ten inches. They had nine children, five of which attained to maturity, and were well proportioned to the usual standard of mankind. Mr. Gibson's genius led him to painting, in the rudiments of which art he was instructed by De Clein, master of the tapestry works at Mortlack, and famous for the cuts which he designed for some of Ogilby's things, and Mr. Sandys's excellent translation of Ovid. His paintings in water colours were well esteemed; but the copies which he made of Lely's portraits gained him the greatest reputation. He had the honour to be employed in teaching her late Majesty Queen Anne the art of drawing, and was sent for into Holland to instruct her sister the Princess of Orange. To recompense the shortness of their stature, Nature gave them an equivalent in length of days, for he died in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and his wife, having survived him almost twenty years, deceased *anno Dom. 1709, aet. 89.*

*Thyrsis, Galatea, p. 107.*

THE person who is the subject of this poem was the Lady Mary Fielding, daughter to the Earl of Denbeigh, by a sister of the favourite Duke of Buckingham. She was contracted to the Duke of Hamilton

when she was but seven years of age, and in the Memoirs of her lord, written by Burnet, we have her character at large: an author whom I quote the more willingly on this occasion, presuming his veracity may pass uncensured, now he happens to speak well of the dead.

“ She was a lady of great and singular worth, and  
“ her person was noble and graceful, like the handsome  
“ some race of the Villiers’s; but, to such as knew  
“ her well, the virtues of her mind were far more  
“ shining. She was educated from a child in the court,  
“ and esteemed and honoured by all in it, and by  
“ none more than the late King, (Charles I.) who, as  
“ he was one of the chastest men, not to say princes,  
“ so he was a perfect honourer of all virtuous ladies.  
“ She was lady of the Queen’s Bed-chamber, and admitted  
“ by her Majesty into an intire confidence and  
“ friendship; and not only was her honour unstained,  
“ but even her fame continued untouched with calumny,  
“ she being so strict to the severest rules as  
“ never to admit of those follies which pass in that  
“ style for gallantry. She was a most affectionate and  
“ dutiful wife; and used to say, “ she had the greatest  
“ reason to bless God for having given her such a husband,  
“ whom, as she loved perfectly, so she was not  
“ ashamed to obey.” But that which crowned all her  
“ other perfections, was the deep sense she had of  
“ religion. She lived and died in the communion of

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“ the Church of England, and was a very devout per-  
 “ son. Many years before her death she was so exact  
 “ in observing her retirements to her closet, that, not-  
 “ withstanding all her avocations, and the divertise-  
 “ ments of the court, (as the writer was informed by  
 “ one who lived with her) no day passed over her  
 “ without bestowing large portions of her time on  
 “ them, besides her constant attendance on the Cha-  
 “ pel. She bore first three daughters, and then three  
 “ sons. Her daughters were Lady Mary, Lady Anne,  
 “ and Lady Susanna; her sons were Charles, James,  
 “ and William, but all her sons, and her eldest daugh-  
 “ ter, died young. A year before she died she languish-  
 “ ed, which ended in a consumption, of which, after  
 “ a few months’ sickness, she died; so that she prepa-  
 “ red for death timeously. About a month before her  
 “ death she called for her children, and gave them  
 “ her last blessings and embraces, ordering them to  
 “ be brought no more near her, lest the sight of them  
 “ might have kindled too much tenderness in her  
 “ heart, which she was then studying to raise above  
 “ all created objects, and fix where she was shortly to  
 “ be admitted. She died the 10th of May 1638, and  
 “ left her lord a most sad and afflicted person; and  
 “ though his spirit was too great to sink under any  
 “ burthen, yet all his life after he remembered her  
 “ with much tender affection. She died, indeed, in a  
 “ good time for her own repose, when her lord was

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“beginning to engage in the affairs of Scotland,  
 “which proved so fatal both to his quiet and life.”\*\*\*

From the date of her death, it appears that Mr. Waller wrote this poem *anno atat.* 33.

*Upon Ben. Johnson, p. III.*

WHATEVER tradition hath preserved relating to those writers who are celebrated by Mr. Waller, has been so often repeated in the Lives of the English Poets, or mentioned in the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, that it would be superfluous to transcribe what really would yield but small entertainment to the reader; and therefore I shall pass all, or most of them, over in silence, till I come to speak of my Lord Roscommon, of whom, I think, I am enabled to give a fuller account than has hitherto appeared; and at present will only make this general observation on Mr. Waller's commendatory verses, that they are to be esteemed as the pure effects of candour and friendship; in many of which he seems, like a good-natured magistrate, to have been prevailed upon, by the innocent poverty of the books which he commends, to give them a passport for present subsistence, in their journey to the land where all things are forgotten.

*Of a war with Spain, and fight at sea, p. 128.*

Mr. Waller's principal aim in this poem is to recommend the Protector to the reverence of the nation



under the title of King, which the Usurper ambitiously affected : but finding that the same evil spirit which he had artfully conjured up against his lawful sovereign still possessed the House of Commons to preplex his own affairs, he projected the scheme of engaging in a war with Spain, to be enabled, by foreign spoil, to establish his government in what form, and under what denomination, he pleased, without depending on parliamentary counsel or supplies. With this view he concluded a peace with France against Spain, which is censured by Ludlow, Wellwood, and others, for the falsest step he ever made, and the most fatal to the tranquillity of Europe. However, his own hopes were sufficiently answered by the success of that naval expedition which is the subject of this poem.

*With these returns victorious Montagu.*] In some late editions the title of this poem injuriously gives the glory of this action to General Montagu which is entirely due to Stayner, who, for his bravery on this occasion, and soon afterwards at Santa Cruz, was knighted by Cromwell; and had his valour been employed in a better cause, by a better master, he might have been justly ranked amongst those who have merited most of the English nation. But when Montagu came back from the coast of Portugal, the Marquis's two sons, and two surviving daughters, with about ninety other prisoners, and all the bullion, were com-

mitted to his care. With these returns he to Portsmouth, where he received the Protector's orders to bring them by land to London, and his orders were executed with great ostentation.

*Upon the death of the Lord Protector, p. 133.*

Mr. Waller wrote this poem *anno ætat. 53.*

*Nature herself took notice of his death, &c.]* He expired upon the 3d day of Sept. 1658, a day he thought always very propitious to him, and on which he had twice triumphed for two of his greatest victories: and this was now a day very memorable for the greatest storm of wind that had been ever known, for some hours before and after his death, which overthrew trees, houses, and made great wrecks at sea; and the tempest was so universal, that the effects of it were terrible both in France and Flanders, where all people trembled at it: for besides the wrecks all along the sea-coast, many boats were cast away in the very rivers; and within few days after, the circumstance of his death, that accompanied the storm, was universally known.

“ He was one of those men *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent*, “ whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time:” for he could never have done half that mischief without great courage,

" industry, and judgment. He must have had a won-  
 " derful understanding in the natures and humours of  
 " men, and as great a dexterity in applying them,  
 " who, from a private and obscure birth, (though of  
 " a good family) without interest or estate, alliance  
 " or friendship, could raise himself to such a height,  
 " and compound and knead such opposite and con-  
 " tradictory tempers, humours, and interests, into a  
 " consistence that contributed to his own designs, and  
 " to their own destruction, whilst himself grew insen-  
 " sibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he  
 " had climbed, in the instant that they projected to  
 " demolish their own building. What was said of Cin-  
 " na may very justly be said of him, *Ausum eum, quæ*  
 " *nemo auderet bonus; perfecisse, quæ à nullo nisi fortissimo*  
 " *perfici possent:* " he attempted those things which no  
 " good man durst have ventured on, and achieved  
 " those in which none but a valiant and great man  
 " could have succeeded." Without doubt no man  
 " with more wickedness ever attempted any thing,  
 " or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly,  
 " more in the face and contempt of religion and mo-  
 " ral honesty: yet wickedness, great as his, could ne-  
 " ver have accomplished those designs without the as-  
 " sistance of a great spirit, and admirable circumspec-  
 " tion and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolu-  
 " tion." *Earl of Clarendon's History, Book xv.*

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*Of the invasion and defeat of the Turks, p. 139.*

THE siege of Vienna, which occasioned the writing this poem, began about the middle of July 1683, (in the seventy-eighth year of Mr. Waller's age) and was carried on with great fury by an army of an hundred thousand Turks, under the conduct of the Grand Visier; but he was compelled to raise it on the 10th of the following September, by that heroic prince, John Sobieski, king of Poland, at whose arrival the Infidels made such a precipitate flight, that they left behind them their field-equipage and the standard of the Ottoman empire, with an hundred and eighty pieces of cannon. Upon this defeat the commotions grew so violent among the Janizaries, that the Sultan was obliged to commute for his own safety with the death of his great favourite Cara Mustapha, the Grand Visier, who was strangled at Belgrade on the 25th of December 1683. He had attained to the highest dignities and command that a subject is capable of enjoying in that government, by the interest of the Sultaneſs-mother Valida, to whom, for many years, he had been a gallant; but not long before this fatal campaign he had fallen passionately in love with Basch-Lari, the Sultan's sister, which so irritated the forsaken Valida, that she made use of the necessities of the state to be revenged for his inconstancy, and prevailed with her

son, the Emperor Mahomet, to send for his head; to which he is said to have assented with the greatest reluctance.

*Of her Royal Highness, mother to the Prince of Orange, &c.*  
P. 144.

MARY Princess of Orange was the eldest daughter of K. Charles I. born at St James's, *anno Dom.* 1631, and contracted, in the tenth year of her age, to William, only son of Frederic Henry Prince of Orange. She was a lady whose piety and incomparable goodness of nature were not confined to a fruitless compassion of the calamities of her family, but rendered her active in promoting their interests, and bountiful to their friends when they wanted her support and protection. After nineteen year's absence she returned to her native country, to partake in the general joy at her brother's restoration. Soon after her arrival the House of Commons presented her Highness with 10,000 *l.* which, though it might in some measure evidence their own duty and affection, was but a poor equivalent for only one article of her bounty, she having, for many years, appropriated one half of her annual revenue to the support of the Duke of Gloucester, that he might not be influenced to change his religion, by accepting a pension from the Catholic princes; but her soul was too noble either to balance be-

néfits herself, nor to suffer others to reduce them to a strict computation. After she had passed about three months in England, she died of the small-pox, and was interred in Henry VII.'s chapel, December 31, *anno Dom.* 1660, *atat fuit* 29. At the time of his writing this poem Mr. Waller appears to have been in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

*Upon her Majesty's new buildings at Somerset-house, p. 145.*

THE queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, returned with a design to pass the remainder of her life in England, *anno Dom.* 1662, when Mr. Waller was in the fifty-seventh year of his age. Upon settling at Somerset-house she beautified the old palace, and, I think, added all those buildings that front to the river. Mr. Cowley has an excellent copy of verses on this occasion.

*Upon the Earl of Roscommon's translation of Horace, p. 151.*

WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roscommon, was born in Ireland, whilst the government of that kingdom was committed to the care of the great Earl of Strafford, to whom the Countess of Roscommon (descended from the Boyntons of Bramston, in the county of York) was nearly related; and when he was baptized, the Lord Lieutenant gave him the surname



of his own family. In that kingdom he passed the first years of his infancy; but his father having been converted by Archbishop Usher from the communion of the Church of Rome, the Earl of Strafford, apprehending that his family would be exposed to the most furious effects of religious revenge, at the beginning of the Irish rebellion, sent for his godson into England, and placed him at his own seat in Yorkshire, under the tuition of Dr. Hall, a person of eminent learning and piety. By him he was instructed in Latin; and, without learning the common rules of grammar, which he could never retain in his memory, he attained to write in that language with classical elegance and propriety, and with so much ease, that he chose it to correspond with those friends who had learning sufficient to support the commerce. When the cloud began to gather over England, and the Earl of Strafford was singled out for a prey to popular fury, by the advice of the Lord Primate Usher he was sent to complete his education at Caen in Normandy, under the care and direction of the famous Bochartus. After some years he travelled to Rome, where he grew familiar with the most valuable remains of Antiquity, applying himself particularly to the knowledge of medals, which he gained in perfection, and spoke Italian with so much grace and fluency, that he was frequently mistaken there for a native. Soon after the restoration he returned to England, where



he was graciously received by K. Charles II. and made Captain of the Band of Pensioners. In the gaieties of that age he was tempted to indulge a violent passion for gaming, by which he frequently hazarded his life in duels, and exceeded the bounds of a moderate fortune. A dispute with the Lord Privy Seal about part of his estate obliging him to revisit his native country, he resigned his post in the English court, and soon after his arrival at Dublin, the Duke of Ormond appointed him to be Captain of the Guards. His beloved Horace observed, that the diseases of the mind are seldom cured by change of air, the truth of which was confirmed by his Lordship's example; for he was there as much as ever distempered with the same fatal affection for play, which engaged him in one adventure that well deserves to be related. As he returned to his lodgings from a gaming-table he was attacked in the dark by three ruffians, who were employed to assassinate him: the Earl defended himself with so much resolution, that he dispatched one of the aggressors, whilst a gentleman, accidentally passing that way, interposed, and disarmed another; the third secured himself by flight. This generous assistant was a disbanded officer, of a good family, and fair reputation, who, by what we call the partiality of Fortune, to avoid censuring the iniquities of the times, wanted even a plain suit of clothes to make a decent appearance at the Castle: but his Lordship, on this occasion,

presenting him to the Duke of Ormond, with great importunity prevailed with his Grace that he might resign his post of Captain of the Guards to his friend; which for about three years the gentleman enjoyed, and upon his death the Duke returned the commission to his generous benefactor.

The pleasures of the English court, and the friendships he had there contracted, were powerful motives for his return to London. Soon after he came he was made Master of the Horse to her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, and married the Lady Frances, eldest daughter of Richard Earl of Burlington, who before had been the wife of Colonel Courtney. And about this time, in imitation of those learned and polite assemblies with which he had been acquainted abroad, particularly one at Caen, (in which his tutor Bochartus died suddenly whilst he was delivering an oration) he began to form a society for the refining and fixing the standard of our language, in which design his great friend Mr. Dryden was a principal assistant: a design! of which it is much easier to conceive an agreeable idea, than any rational hope ever to see it brought to perfection among us. This project, at least, was entirely defeated by the religious commotions that ensued on King James's accession to the throne; at which time the Earl took a resolution to pass the remainder of his life at Rome, telling his friends, it would be best to sit next to the chimney when the

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chamber smoked. Amid these reflections he was seized by the gout; and being too impatient of pain, he permitted a bold French pretender to physic to apply a repelling medicine, in order to give him present relief, which drove the distemper into his bowels, and in a short time put a period to his life, in the year 1684. The moment in which he expired he cried out, with a voice that expressed the most intense fervour of devotion,

My God, my father, and my friend!  
Do not forsake me at my end.

He was buried, with great funeral pomp, in Westminster Abbey; but his friends seem to have thought his own writings a more durable monument than any they could erect to his memory. And in them we view the image of a mind that was naturally serious and solid, richly furnished and adorned with all the ornaments of art and science, and those ornaments unaffectedly disposed in the most regular and elegant order. His imagination might have probably been more fruitful and sprightly, if his judgment had been less severe, but that severity (delivered in a masculine, clear, succinct style) contributed to make him so eminent in the didactical manner, that no man, with justice, can affirm he was ever equalled by any of our own nation, without confessing, at the same time, that he is inferior to none. In some other kinds of writing his genius seems to have wanted fire to attain the point of perfection:

but who can attain it? Mr. Waller addressed this poem to his Lordship *anno atat.* 75.

*Ad Comitem Monumetensem, &c. p. 153.*

THIS copy of Latin verses I found prefixed to the Earl of Monmouth's translation of Cardinal Bentivoglio's History of the Wars of Flanders, which having been published in the year 1678, we may suppose that Mr. Waller wrote it *anno atat.* 73.

*On the Duke of Monmouth's expedition into Scotland, &c.  
p. 154.*

THE Scots intending to justify the barbarous murder of Archbishop Sharp by an open rebellion, made their general rendezvous at Bothwell Bridge, where they found their numbers increased to about seventeen thousand men. King Charles having ordered the Duke of Monmouth to suppress this insurrection in its infancy, his Grace accordingly repaired to Scotland with almost incredible expedition; and soon after his arrival, in one decisive action, routed and dispersed the rebels, who left about eight hundred slain, and twelve hundred prisoners, behind them. This battle having been fought on the 22d of June 1679, we may conclude that Mr. Waller wrote these verses in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

*The triple combat, p. 156.*

IN the year 1675, came over to the English court the famous Duchess of Mazarine, who had formerly the greatest fortune of any lady in Europe, and was judged to have as much merit, at least so far as wit and beauty could extend, the two captivating qualities of her sex. She was once thought a fit match for the King himself, and so designed by the queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, and Cardinal Mazarine; but now, with the loss of her fortune and her reputation, and the final parting from her husband, she was forced to take refuge in the English court, where she was for a while set up as a rival to the Duchess of Portsmouth, and might probably have proved so, had not her amorous inclinations towards another been too soon discovered to the King, who, notwithstanding, allowed her a half pension, 4000 *l.* a-year; and her house, for many years, became the rendezvous of all the men of wit and quality, and the scene of all the news of the Town, of gaming, curious and exquisite entertainments, and all manner of diversions. The reader may find a much fuller character of her in the works of St. Evremond and Abbot St. Real; but this relation from Mr. Echard is sufficient for the present occasion.—I suppose Mr. Waller wrote this poem in the seventieth year of his age.

*Of an elegy made by Mrs. Wharton, &c. p. 157.*

SHE was the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, who, having no son, left his estate to be divided between this lady and her sister, the Countess of Abingdon, whose memory Mr. Dryden has celebrated in a funeral panegyric. She was the late Marquis of Wharton's first wife, and died without issue. The Earl of Rochester's mother was aunt to her father Sir Henry Lee; for which reason Mr. Waller says they were allied both in genius and in blood.

*Upon our late loss of the Duke of Cambridge, p. 158.*

HE was the Duke of York's first son, by his second lady, Mary d'Este, born the 7th of November 1677, and died when he was about a month old.

*Instructions to a Painter, &c. p. 159.*

I HAVE already observed that Mr. Waller imitated Busenello's Venetian Triumph in the address of this poem; in which (as, indeed, in most of his panegyrics) he hath so closely confined himself to historical fact, and is so particular and full in describing the whole action, that very few passages will require any explanation. He wrote it *anno atat.* 60.

*The battle of The Summer Islands, p. 174.*

THE islands of Bermuda derived that name from the first European discoverer, who was a Spaniard; but, about the year 1609, Sir George Summers, being wrecked on that coast, settled a colony there, which he intended to have planted in Virginia, and called them The Summer Islands. They are situate in 32 degrees and 30 minutes of northern latitude.

*With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name, &c.]* It cannot be supposed that Mr. Waller would insinuate any remains of passion for the Lady Dorothy after her marriage; the names of Sidney and Sacharissa were laid down together in 1639; so that this poem was certainly written before that year, though there are no hints from which we can discover exactly the time of its production. In the conclusion of the last poem to that lady he declares his resolution to make a voyage to divert his despair; and if he was a proprietor of The Summer Islands, as it is reported he was, he might, perhaps, at that time accompany his friend the Earl of Warwick, who had a large share in that plantation; and that division of Bermuda which was the scene of this action which Mr. Waller records, bears the name of that Earl, who, instead of loitering away life in court-attendance, employed his younger years in settling colonies in the West Indies, an employment more innocent, as well as more honourable,



than what he afterwards engaged in! "He was a man  
" of a companionable wit and conversation, of an  
" universal jollity, and such a license in his words and  
" in his actions, that a man of less virtue could not be  
" found out; so that one might reasonably have be-  
" lieved that a man so qualified would not have been  
" able to have contributed much to the overthrow of  
" a nation and kingdom: but with all these faults he  
" had great authority with that people who, in the  
" beginning of the troubles, did all the mischief; and  
" by opening his doors, and making his house the  
" rendezvous of all the silenced ministers, in the time  
" when there was authority to silence them, and  
" spending a good part of his estate (of which he was  
" very prodigal) upon them, and by being present  
" with them at their devotions, and making himself  
" merry with them, and at them, (which they dis-  
" pensed with) he became the head of that party, and  
" got the style of a *gadly man*. When the King revo-  
" ked the Earl of Northumberland's commission of  
" Admiral, he presently accepted the office from the  
" parliament, and never quitted their service: and  
" when Cromwell disbanded that parliament, he be-  
" took himself to the protection of the Protector,  
" married his heir to his daughter, and lived in so en-  
" tire a confidence and friendship with him, that  
" when he died the Protector exceedingly lamented  
" him. He left his estate (which before was subject

"to a vast debt) more improved and repaired than  
 "any man who trafficked in that desperate com-  
 "modity of Rebellion." *Earl of Glarendon's History,*  
*Book vi.*

## VOL. II.

## EPISTLES.

*To the King, on his navy, p. 1.*

IN all the editions since the restoration, this poem has been placed the first; which, I suppose, hath induced most persons to imagine it to have been written several years sooner than it was. In this number I find the writer of Mr. Waller's life, who believes it was occasioned by the fleet that was set out under the command of the Lord Viscount Wimbleton; and seems to have been led into this opinion by that addition to the title, *in the year 1626*, which has been prefixed in some of the latest editions. The gentleman, whoever he was, that fixed the date of this and some other of the poems, will not appear to have been very competently qualified for such an undertaking, if we reflect that he has mistaken no less than two years in his chronology upon the verses On the Danger the Prince escaped at St. Andero; and having so grossly erred in a fact so notorious as that, I think we may decently dismiss him from the chair, and hear Mr. Rymer's

opinion, though I believe there is reason not to stand to his decision in the case depending. "Our language," says he, "retained something of the churl; something of the stiff and Gothish did stick upon it till long after Chaucer. Chaucer threw in Latin, French, Provincial, and other languages, like new stum, to raise a fermentation. In Queen Elizabeth's time it grew fine, but came not to an head and spirit, did not shine and sparkle, till Mr. Waller set it a-running. And one may observe, by his poem On the Navy, anno 1632, that not the language only, but his poetry, then distinguished him from all his contemporaries, both in England and in other nations, and from all before him upwards to Horace and Virgil. For there, besides the language, clean and majestic; the thoughts new and noble; the verse sweet, smooth, full, and strong; the turn of the poem is happy to admiration; the first line, with all that follow in order, leads to the conclusion; all bring to the same point and centre :

To thee, his chosen, more indulgent, he  
Dares trust such pow'r with so much piety.

"Here is both Homer and Virgil; the *fortis Achilles*, and the *pious Æneas*, in the person he compliments, and the greatness owing to his virtue. The thought and application is most natural, just, and true, in poetry, though in fact, and really, he might have no more fortitude or piety than another body; for the

“ repairing then of Paul’s gave a reasonable colour  
“ for his piety, and that navy-royal might well give  
“ him the pre-eminence in power above Achilles.”

I should willingly have acquiesced in this determination, if there had been any naval armament in the year 1632 considerable enough for the subject of Mr. Waller’s poem; neither did the war betwixt France and Spain, which is referred to in the third verse, break out till, I believe, almost three years after the date that Mr. Rymer hath assigned; and therefore, in a matter that still remains so uncertain, I may venture to interpose my own opinion, which, whether right or no, may be less liable to objections than those that have been already advanced.

In the year 1635 the Hollanders espoused the quarrel of France against Spain, and the terms stipulated in the treaty were, that they should not only divide the provinces of Flanders, but also Dunkirk, Ostend, and the other sea-ports on the coast, equally between them. Upon the concluding this league offensive and defensive, the Dutch forgot their obligations to the crown of England, treated their old benefactors with disrespect, and were more audacious in their encroachments upon the fishery on our coasts. King Charles thought it was high time to assert his sovereignty over the narrow seas, and immediately fitted out a much greater fleet than had ever been equipped since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and appointed

the Earl of Lindsey to command it. Sir William Monson, who served Vice-admiral under the Earl, informs us, in his *Naval Tracts*, that while this fleet was preparing, many idle, factious, and scandalous reports were invented, to persuade the people that those preparations were only an artifice of state to draw money from the subject. Could Mr. Waller ever have had a more happy opportunity than this of making his court to the King, by representing his actions in their proper light, in proclaiming his navy to be, as in truth it was, the glory and defence of the nation? And yet, to deal ingenuously, I am of opinion that this poem was written in the following year, when his great friend, the Earl of Northumberland, was made admiral of a fleet not inferior to the former, in the thirty-first year of Mr. Waller's age.

*The world's restorer once could not endure.*] This line is printed as I find it in the first edition; in the others it is *never cou'd endure*. The building of Babel is related by Moses in *Genesis*, chap. xi.

*To the Queen, occasioned upon sight of her Majesty's picture, p. 2.*

WHEN all thoughts of a marriage with the Infanta of Spain were laid aside, King James consented that Prince Charles should make his addresses to Henrietta Maria de Bourbon, youngest daughter of Henry IV,

of France, by his queen Mary de Medicis. Accordingly, in the year 1624, the Lord Kensington, (afterwards created Earl of Holland) was dispatched to make proposals to Lewis XIII. by whom they were embraced, and the nuptial ceremony was performed in the church of Nôtre-dame in Paris, on the 1st of May 1625. Mr. Waller seems to have written this poem soon after her Majesty's arrival in England, *anno ætat. 20.* Nor shall we think him too profuse in praising her beauty, when we read the description of her person, which the Lord Kensington gives, in a letter to the Prince of Wales, whom he would not dare to delude with a portrait of his own invention. \* \* \* " Sir, " if your intentions proceed this way, (as by many " reasons of state and wisdom there is cause now rather to press it than slacken it) you will find a lady " of as much loveliness and sweetness to deserve your " affection as any creature under heaven can do. And, " Sir, by all her fashions since my being here, and by " what I hear from the ladies, it is most visible to me " her infinite value and respect unto you. Sir, I say " not this to betray your belief, but from a true observation and knowledge of this to be so. I tell you " this, and must somewhat more, in way of admiration " of the person of Madame; for the impressions I " had of her were but ordinary, but the amazement " extraordinary, to find her (as I protest to God I " did) the sweetest creature in France. Her growth



" is very little, short of her age, but her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her discourse with her mother, and the ladies about her, with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances (the which I am a witness of) as well as ever I saw any creature. They say she sings sweetly; I am sure she looks so." \* \* \* And in another letter he says, " That for beauty and goodness she was an angel." This description will claim the more regard, when we reflect on the important occasion on which it was written, and on the person who wrote it, who was the most accomplished courtier of that age: *elegantium formarum spectator*, was the Earl of Holland's true character, and it had been happy for himself and the nation if he had never aspired to any other.

*To the Queen-mother of France, upon her landing, p. 5.*

MARY DE MEDICIS, queen-mother of France, is a sad and very singular instance how insecure the most commanding condition may prove against the vicissitudes of Fortune. She was daughter to the Great Duke of Tuscany, wife of Henry IV. of France, mother to Lewis XIII. his successor, to the Queens of England and Spain, and to the Duchess of Savoy, yet was made a sacrifice by her own son (a timorous and weak prince) to the ambition of Cardinal Richlieu, to whom she had been a benefactress. By him she was represented



to the King of France as a person disaffected to his government, then was persecuted from the court, and at length confined to Compeigne; from whence she made her escape, the 19th of July 1631, with so much precipitation, that she travelled thirty leagues without taking ease or refreshment. In the year 1638, her daughter, the Queen of England, invited her over, to take sanctuary in this nation, whither her evil genius pursued her; for, upon her arrival, the populace raised a tumult, in which three men were slain; and when the Earl of Holland, who was Lord-lieutenant of Middlesex, gave orders for a guard of a hundred musqueteers out of the militia to protect her Majesty's person, he was answered, that they thought it fitter for them to do other things than to guard a foreigner. At length she was lodged safe in St. James's palace, where, for about three years, she enjoyed a pension of 3000 *l.* a-month. At last the parliament petitioned for her removal out of the kingdom, which they softened with a present of 10,000 *l.* to make provision for her journey. The King's affairs were too much perplexed for him to give protection to others; and therefore, in August 1641, he ordered the Earl of Arundel to attend this unfortunate princess to Cologne; where, having languished to the following year, in a condition very unsuitable to her high birth and former dignity, she died about five months before the implacable Cardinal. This poem was addressed to the

Queen in the year 1638, in the thirty-third year of Mr. Waller's age.

The conclusion of this poem will be best understood by those who are acquainted with the *Gierusalemme Liberata*, in the nineteenth book of which the combat of Tancredi with Argantes, and in the twentieth that of Rinaldo with the Soldan, is described; and it needs no greater recommendation to be read, than its having been revered by Mr. Dryden next to the *Æneis* of Virgil. Mr. Waller not only learned the art of versifying from Fairfax's translation of it, but the subject made a lasting impression on his maturer judgment; for in some of his latest compositions, as well as in this, he expresseth a desire that the Christian princes would enter into a religious confederacy to rescue the holy sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels. In this place it will not be improper to give a short account of the life of his favourite author.

Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, an ancient city in Italy, about six leagues distant from Naples, in the year 1544. In his infancy he manifested an amazing genius, which was afterwards cultivated at Rome and Padua with variety of polite literature; and when he was no more than twenty-two years old, he began to write his immortal *Gierusalemme Liberata*. Alphonfus Duke of Ferrara invited him to reside in his court, whither he repaired, and was received more like a victorious hero than a recorder of their

actions; and, during his stay, was honoured with very singular marks of the Duke's esteem and affection. Nor was he less caressed by Charles IX. when, leaving Ferrara, he attended the Pope's nuncio to the court of France, which seemed to rival Italy in admiring him. But, to close these gaudy scenes, Fortune kept a dismal catastrophe in reserve; for Tasso, on his return to Italy, was unfortunately engaged in a duel, occasioned by a real or pretended amour, in which the reputation of a great lady was attained; whereupon he was seized and imprisoned by the Duke of Ferrara's command, in whose palace the challenge was given. In his confinement he was dejected into a deep melancholy, which terminated in stupidity; in which sad disguise Montaigne tells us he saw him, but, without assigning the real cause, imputes it to the violent career of spirits which his great vivacity of wit had occasioned. "What a condition," says he, (as Mr. Cotton makes him speak) "through his own agitation and promptness of fancy, is one of the most judicious, ingenious, and the best-formed souls to the ancient and true poesy, of any other Italian poet that has been for these very many years, lately fallen into? Has he not great obligation to this vivacity that has destroyed him? to this light that has blinded him? to this exact and subtle apprehension of reason that has put him besides his? to his curious and laborious scrutiny after sciences

" that has reduced him to a brute? I was more angry  
 " (if possible) than compassionate, to see him at Fer-  
 " rara in so pitiful a condition survive himself; for-  
 " getting both himself and his works, which (with-  
 " out his knowledge, though before his face!) have  
 " been published deformed and incorrect."\*\*\* The  
 ingenious translator thought his author in this place  
 had described Ariosto, a very pardonable mistake!  
 since many flights in his Orlando seem to have been  
 the dreams of an over-heated imagination. I cannot  
 find how long Tasso continued in this deplorable con-  
 dition; but, it is said, by the care that was taken of  
 him in an hospital, he recovered the use of his reason;  
 and Thuanus informs us, that in his lucid intervals  
 he wrote like one inspirited with a divine fury, and  
 was master of a judgment sedate and cool enough to  
 correct what he composed. At last he was invited to  
 Rome to receive the laurel with the public solemnities  
 with which it is usually conferred in that city;  
 but whilst the pageantry was preparing, he was seized  
 by a fever, and died in the fifty-first year of his age;  
 and being privately interred in the church dedicated  
 to St. Humphrey, a plain marble was laid over his  
 grave, with this epitaph; *Hic jacet Torquatus Tassus*;  
 where, some years after, Cardinal Bevilacqua erected  
 a handsome monument, with a Latin inscription,  
 longer, indeed, than the former, but so unequal to the  
 person it commemorates, that it is not worth my  
 transcribing.

*The country, to my Lady of Carlisle, p. 6.*

THE Lady Lucy Percy, whom the best English poets of that age, and Voiture, the politest wit of France, celebrated under the title of The Countess of Carlisle, was a younger daughter of Henry Earl of Northumberland; who, who upon a suspicion of his not having been entirely ignorant of the gun-powder plot, was for many years imprisoned in the Tower. During his confinement the Lady Lucy was married to James Hay, created Viscount Doncaster, and Earl of Carlisle, by K. James I.; with which alliance her father was so highly offended, that with extreme difficulty she obtained his forgiveness, but could never regain his affection. In conjunction with a wonderful vivacity of wit, and all the graces peculiar to her sex in a most eminent degree, she was blessed with a masculine vigour of mind, but is censured for having abused it to the perplexing King Charles's affairs with the parliament; on which account a late learned and ingenious writer calls her, "the Helen of her country." But here it will be more decent to draw a veil over her political errors, and view her only in that agreeable light in which Mr. Waller and Sir Toby Mathews have placed her. The latter of these gentlemen has given us her description in prose, which is alluded to by Sir John Suckling in his Session of the Poets. I only say it is alluded to, but believe it was originally

mentioned; for I am persuaded that, in the verse on which I ground my conjecture, for the word *care*, we should read,

For had not her Character furnish'd you out  
With something of handsome, &c.

A small number of Suckling's plays were printed for himself, to present to the quality when they were acted at court; but his poems and letters were published by his friend the Earl of Denbeigh after his death, from such imperfect copies as his Lordship could hastily collect; and therefore it is not strange if many of them still retain their original corruption. In the poem I have just quoted (to instance in no more) Shillingsworth, Walster, Cid, have been constantly misprinted for Chillingworth, Waller, and Sid, *i. e.* Sidney Godolphin. But it is time to let the character itself atone for this digression which it occasioned.

" This lady's birth is noble, from a high and an-  
" cient descent, and in it her blood is kept pure by  
" often alliance with great and princely families. Time  
" has allowed it a line of longer measure than almost  
" to any by continuance, and so, as we cannot with  
" ease give an account of the first greatness and eleva-  
" tion of her ancestors; but yet it leaves certain marks  
" by which we may (as by a kind of back-light) point  
" at many of them, whose courage and virtues have  
" dignified both their good fortunes and their ill.



“ She is of too high a mind and dignity not only to  
“ seek, but almost to wish, the friendship of any crea-  
“ ture; they whom she is pleased to chuse are such as  
“ are of the most eminent condition both for power  
“ and employments; not with any design towards  
“ her own particular, either of advantage or curiosity,  
“ but her nature values fortunate persons as virtuous;  
“ who, if they be not so by this opinion, they have  
“ an advantage of them who are so, by this choice.  
“ It may be she doth this by way of gratitude to For-  
“ tune, who hath taken so much care of her, as that  
“ from a doubtful, and, I might say, a kind of fear-  
“ ful, condition, she hath placed and secured her, as  
“ it were, in her own very arms; from whence this  
“ great lady might yet, perhaps, have removed her-  
“ self by the careless use of those benefits, of the pro-  
“ visions which Fortune hath made for her, were they  
“ not too abundant. They who are even as it were  
“ in her very veins, as brothers and sisters, she ex-  
“ tremely loves, but she values them more as they are  
“ so to her; she wants not also kindness for their  
“ children. But such as are more removed from her  
“ she considers no otherwise than as streams, which  
“ run too far to have any participation of her excel-  
“ lencies. She has as much sense and gratitude for  
“ the actions of friendship as so extreme a beauty will  
“ give her leave to entertain; and from our sex she  
“ may expect all expressions of servitude by the very



“ nature and duty thereof. She more willingly allows  
“ of the conversation of men than of women; yet  
“ when she is amongst those of her own sex, her dis-  
“ course is of fashions and dresses, which she hath  
“ ever so perfect upon herself, as she likewise teaches  
“ them by seeing her. Amongst men her person is both  
“ considered and admired, and her wit, being most  
“ eminent among the rest of her great abilities, she  
“ affects the conversation of the persons who are most  
“ famed for it; though yet she be so handsomely  
“ civil to all, as that at the first you would believe  
“ her to be more guided by that civility of her’s  
“ than perhaps she is, since she will rather shew what  
“ she can do, than let her nature continue in it; un-  
“ less she consider something in the persons very ex-  
“ traordinary and new, which she cannot find by their  
“ admiring her, (for that is not to be avoided!) and  
“ then she may requite them by allowing it: but yet  
“ if even that be not expressed with the assistance of  
“ fortune, and when she is in a good humour, and in  
“ the distance and with the duty for which she looks,  
“ you may perhaps find scorn when you expect accep-  
“ tation; reproving more the omissions of (that which  
“ the majesty of her person teaches) reverence, than  
“ she cherishes (what her beauty both begets and en-  
“ forces) love: yet will she freely discourse of love,  
“ and hear both the fancies and powers of it; but if  
“ you will needs bring it within knowledge, and bold-

ly direct it to herself, she is likely to divert the discourse, or, at least, seem not to understand it; by which you may know her humour and her justice; for since she cannot love in earnest, she would have nothing from love, so contenting herself to play with Love as with a child. She hath too great a heart to have naturally any strong inclination to others, not allowing them to grow from thence, as finding there no motions of affection, but only upon consideration of the merit of others towards her: so that naturally she hath no passion at all, since inclinations are the ground and foundation upon which passion is built: but yet she will observe them whose reputation gives a value to their persons and condition, as if she would not be unwilling to find something of entertainment whereby to please herself, or pass her time. But then, her examinations going ever by way of compulsion towards herself, they return unsatisfied. I conceive her not to be of a less sensible nature than she will acknowledge in herself. I believe she cannot find in it those little tenderneesses which she will disallow in others, but yet, upon occasions worthy of her kindness, or compassion, (which, though they differ in their nature, yet they agree in the same shews) it hath broken out sometimes like suppressed flames: but I confess they are so few occasions that can bring it thus to light, as she may well be mistaken in her own heart

“ by the seldom working of it; or, peradventure, in  
“ her reason she may make it this defence against  
“ those expressions, that they are occasions to force  
“ her to take this unsensibleness upon her nature,  
“ which is like giving of denials before suits be asked,  
“ or else as proclamations which forbid what may  
“ happen; and then, if they be disobeyed, it is to  
“ to be upon our own peril. She affects particular so  
“ much, that she dislikes general courtesies, and you  
“ may fear to be less valued by her for your oblig-  
“ ing her, she, peradventure, believing it to proceed  
“ in them from some easiness and custom of the  
“ mind, rather than from a generosity and humanity  
“ of the nature; which I conceive to be her greatest  
“ injustice, having observed her to be so careful for  
“ some who have desired favours from her, as that  
“ her charity or her nature hath sought advantages  
“ for them who were strangers to her, who yet might  
“ well have taken them from those other who were  
“ not so to her. To shew her understanding, not  
“ her disvaluing, of persons, she will freely deliver  
“ her opinion of them; and as, in whomsoever we  
“ can speak of, there is, for the greatest part, more  
“ to be reformed than commended, so, in the deli-  
“ vering of her censures that way, it shews her judg-  
“ ment can discover (that which we strive most to  
“ conceal) our imperfections and errors. Though she  
“ be observed not to be very careful in the public exer-

“cises of our religion, yet I agree not with their opi-  
“nion who hold her likely to abandon and change  
“it, not only for the faith and trust which she hath  
“in the truth and goodness of it, but to avoid the  
“doing of that which she believes to be a levity and  
“declaration of a former ignorance. This lady, whom  
“both Fortune and Nature have ever been in strife  
“to serve, (the one with her benefits, the other with  
“her blessings) wants not a sense and contentment  
“in both; but conveniences of this kind being no  
“true delight, she takes the greatest joy in the per-  
“fections of her own person, since Fortune cannot  
“give her such a store and stock as Nature doth to  
“all that behold her; from which you may yet, per-  
“haps, come to take so much that you may find it to  
“be a burthenous treasure, since you cannot lay it  
“out, or make any use of it, she being not to be pur-  
“chased by her own gifts. If gratitude may be pro-  
“cured from her, it may go for an extraordinary re-  
“ward, though from others it would be held but for  
“a cold charity. She is more esteemed than beloved  
“by her own sex in two respects; the one, for that  
“her beauty far exceeds theirs, and the other, for  
“that her wit doth the like; which makes most of  
“them (especially such as pretend towards either of  
“these excellencies) to avoid her company through  
“their envy, as being constrained in it, her beauty  
“putting their faces out of countenance, as her wit

“ doth their minds. She is so great a lover of varie-  
“ ty, as that when she may not otherwise express  
“ it, she will remove her own thoughts, if not change  
“ her opinions, even of those persons that are not  
“ least considered by her; and when they have given  
“ her this entertainment, let them settle again in their  
“ former places with her. She hath certain high and  
“ elevated thoughts in which she is pleased most, and  
“ they carry her mind above any thing within her  
“ knowledge. She believeth nothing to be worthy of  
“ her consideration but her own imaginations: these  
“ gallant fancies keep her in satisfaction when she is  
“ alone, where she will make something worthy of  
“ her liking, since in the world she cannot find any  
“ thing worthy of her loving. Amongst the rest of  
“ her unnumbered perfections, she hath a grace and  
“ facility, (and I might well say, a felicity) in her  
“ expressions, since they are certain, and always in  
“ the best and fewest words: and as they are hand-  
“ some, they are likewise so faithful in the relation  
“ of any thing, as that she refines the language, and  
“ yet within the true limits of the occasion, adding  
“ nothing to the substance, but yet infinitely by the  
“ manner. She is in disposition inclined to be chole-  
“ ric, which she suppresses, not, perhaps, in conside-  
“ ration of the persons who occasion it; but upon a  
“ belief that it is unhandsome towards herself; which  
“ yet, being thus covered, doth so kindle and fire her

“ wit, as that, in very few words, it says somewhat  
“ so extracted, as that it hath a sharpness, and strength,  
“ and taste, to disrelish, if not to kill, the proudest  
“ hopes which you can have of her value of you. She  
“ affects extremes, because she cannot suffer any con-  
“ dition but of plenty and glory, in which, if she had  
“ not an assured and very eminent kind of being, she  
“ would fly to the other extreme of retiredness, and  
“ so rather obscure herself than not be herself; it be-  
“ ing natural to her, as her life, to maintain it in  
“ magnificence. She hath been told by her physi-  
“ cians, that she is inclined to melancholy; and this  
“ opinion of theirs proved to be the best remedy for  
“ it, by the mirth which she expressed at it. This I  
“ say to shew her to be of a cheerful nature in her  
“ own opinion, who best can judge of it, as she, the  
“ most comely of all creatures, can express it. She  
“ hath, as all noble hearts have, ambition, which, I  
“ conceive, she rather conserves as a humour necessary  
“ to the mind, (as those of the body also are) than  
“ for any particular end or wish, she being so free  
“ from the want of any thing, as that it must be a  
“ study (and in that a pain) for her to inquire what  
“ to desire.”

All that remains to be added concerning this celebrated lady is, that she had no children by the Earl of Carlisle, whom she survived, without engaging in a second marriage, to the year 1660; and was then in-



ferred, near her unfortunate father, at Petworth in  
Sussex.

*To my Lord of Northumberland, on the death of his Lady,*  
p. 8.

I CANNOT with any certainty inform myself in what year the lady died who occasioned the writing this poem, and will defer my conjecture till I come to fix the date of that which immediately succeeds. She was the Lady Anne Cecil, daughter of that Earl of Salisbury to whom chiefly the old Earl of Northumberland imputed the loss of his liberty; and when he was told, in the Tower, what choice his son, the Lord Percy, had made, he expressed his abhorrence of the marriage with this passionate exclamation, "My blood will not mingle with Cecil's in a basin." I can add nothing, and nothing needs to be added, to that amiable character which Mr. Waller has left of this lady; and therefore I will proceed to transcribe the Earl of Clarendon's account of her lord, which is far from being equally advantageous to his memory.

"Of those who were of the King's council, and who  
"staid and acted with the parliament, the Earl of Nor-  
"thumberland may well be reckoned the chief, in re-  
"spect of the antiquity and splendour of his family, his  
"great fortune and estate, and the general reputa-  
"tion he had among the greatest men, and his great



“ interest by being High Admiral of England. Tho’  
“ he was of a family that had lain under frequent  
“ blemishes of want of fidelity to the crown, and his  
“ father had been long a prisoner in the Tower, un-  
“ der some suspicion of having some knowledge of the  
“ gun-powder treason ; and after he was set at liber-  
“ ty by the mediation and credit of the Earl of Car-  
“ lisle, (who had, without and against his consent  
“ married his daughter) he continued to his death  
“ under such a restraint, that he had not liberty to  
“ live and reside upon his northern estate. Yet this  
“ lord’s father was no sooner dead than the King  
“ poured out his favours upon him in a wonderful  
“ measure. He begun with conferring the Order of  
“ the Garter upon him, and shortly after made him  
“ of his privy council. When a great fleet of ships  
“ was prepared, by which the King meant that his  
“ neighbour princes should discern that he intended  
“ to maintain and preserve his sovereignty at sea, he  
“ sent the Earl of Northumberland admiral of that  
“ fleet, (a much greater than the crown had put to  
“ sea since the death of Queen Elizabeth) that he  
“ might breed him for that service before he gave  
“ him a more absolute command : and after he had  
“ in that capacity exercised himself a year or two,  
“ the King made him Lord High Admiral of Eng-  
“ land ; which was such a quick succession of boun-  
“ ties and favours as had rarely befallen any man

“ who had not been attended with the envy of a fa-  
“ vourite. He was in all his deportment a very great  
“ man, and that which looked like formality was a  
“ punctuality in preserving his dignity from the in-  
“ vasion and intrusion of bold men, which no man  
“ of that age so well preserved himself from. Tho’  
“ his notions were not large or deep, yet his temper  
“ and reservedness in discourse got him the repu-  
“ tation of an able and a wise man; which he made  
“ evident in the excellent government of his family,  
“ where no man was more absolutely obeyed, and  
“ no man had ever fewer idle words to answer for;  
“ and in debates of importance he always expressed  
“ himself very pertinently. If he had thought the  
“ King as much above him, as he thought himself  
“ above other considerable men, he would have been  
“ a good subject; but the extreme undervaluing  
“ those, and not enough valuing the King, made him  
“ liable to the impressions which they who approach-  
“ ed him by those addresses of reverence and esteem,  
“ that usually insinuate into such natures, made  
“ in him: so that after he was first prevailed upon  
“ not to do that which in honour and gratitude he  
“ was obliged to, (which is a very pestilent corrup-  
“ tion!) he was with the more facility led to concur  
“ in what, in duty and fidelity, he ought not to have  
“ done, and what at first he never intended to have  
“ done; and so he concurred in all the councils which

“ produced the rebellion, and staid with them to  
 “ support it. \* \* \* He died in the year 1668, *anno atat.*  
 “ 66, and was buried, near his sister, the Countess of  
 “ Carlisle, at Petworth, having been the tenth Earl  
 “ of his family, and the sixth who had been honour-  
 “ ed with the Garter.”

*To my Lord Admiral, of his late sickness and recovery, p. 10.*

THE time and occasion of writing this poem appears to have been when the Earl of Northumberland was appointed General of the English army against the Scots, and excused himself from action by pretending want of health, though his conduct soon afterwards evidenced it was want of inclination to exert that vigour which the King's affairs required, and which, of all men living, he was the most bound by gratitude to have exerted: and therefore we may suppose that Mr. Waller made him the compliment of these verses, (a very seasonable one to cover his disaffection) in the latter-end of the year 1640, *anno atat.* 35. And the death of the Earl's lady being mentioned as if it were still green in his memory, the preceding poem was probably written the year before, or perhaps a little earlier.

*To Van Dyck, p. 13.*

SIR Anthony Van Dyck was born at Antwerp, in the year 1599, and gave such early proofs of his most ex-

cellent endowments, that Reubens his master, fearing he would become as universal as himself, to divert him from histories, used to commend his talent in painting after the life, and took such care to keep him continually employed in business of that nature, that he resolved, at last, to make it his principal study. For his improvement he went to Venice, where he attained the beautiful colouring of Titian, Paulo Veronese, &c. ; and after a few years spent in Rome, Genoa, and Sicily, returned home to Flanders, with a manner of painting so noble, natural, and easy, that Titian himself was hardly his superior, and no other master in the world equal to him for portraits. He came over into England soon after Reubens had left it, and was entertained in the service of K. Charles I. who conceived a marvellous esteem for his works, honoured him with knighthood, presented him with his own picture set round with diamonds, assigned him a considerable pension, sat very often to him for his portrait, and was followed by most of the nobility and principal gentry of the kingdom : but towards the latter-end of his life he grew weary of the continued trouble that attended face-painting ; and being ambitious to immortalize his name by some more glorious undertaking, he went to Paris, in hopes of being employed in the grand gallery of the Louvre ; but not succeeding in that design, he returned to England, and made a proposal to the King, by his friend

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Sir Kenelm Digby, to form Cartoons for the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, the subject of which was to have been the Institution of the Order of the Garter, the Procession of the Knights in their habits, with the ceremony of their Instalment, and St. George's feast: but his demand of 80,000 *l.* being thought unreasonable, whilst the King was upon treating with him for a less sum, the gout and other distempers put an end to that affair, and his life, 1641, in the forty-second year of his age, and his body was interred in St. Paul's. He was low of stature, but well-proportioned, very handsome, modest, and extremely obliging; a great encourager of all who excelled in any art or science, and generous to the very last degree. He married the daughter of the Lord Ruthven, Earl of Gowry, one of the greatest beauties of the English court, and lived in state and grandeur answerable to her birth. His own garb was generally very rich, his coaches and equipage magnificent, his retinue numerous, his table very splendid, and so much frequented by people of the best quality of both sexes, that his apartments seemed rather to be the court of a prince than the lodgings of a painter. See Mr. Graham's *Lives of the Painters*.

*To my Lord of Leicester, p. 15.*

“THE Earl of Leicester was a man of great parts, very  
“ conversant in books, and much addicted to the ma-

" thematics; and though he had been a soldier, and  
 " commanded a regiment in the service of the States  
 " of the United Provinces, and was afterwards em-  
 " ployed in several embassies, as in Denmark and in  
 " France, was in truth rather a speculative than a  
 " practical man, and expected a greater certitude in  
 " the consultation of business, than the business of this  
 " world is capable of; which temper proved very in-  
 " convenient to him through the course of his life.  
 " He was, after the death of the Earl of Strafford,  
 " by the concurrent kindness and esteem both of  
 " King and Queen, called from his embassy in France  
 " to be Lieutenant of the kingdom of Ireland. and in  
 " a very short time after unhappily lost that kind-  
 " nefs and esteem: and being, about the time of the  
 " King's coming to Oxford, ready to embark at Chester  
 " for the execution of his charge, he was required to  
 " attend his Majesty for farther instructions at Ox-  
 " ford, where he remained: and though he was of  
 " the council, and sometimes present, he desired not  
 " to have any part in the business, and lay under  
 " many reproaches and jealousies which he deserved  
 " not: for he was a man of honour and fidelity to  
 " the King; and his greatest misfortunes proceeded  
 " from the staggering and irresolution in his nature."  
*Earl of Clarendon's History, Book vi.*

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*To my young Lady Lucy Sidney, p. 18.*

THE title of this poem is reprinted here as I find it in the first edition of Mr. Waller. The lady to whom it is addressed was the Lady Dorothy's younger sister: she was born in the year 1625, and married to Sir John Pelham, grandfather to his Grace the present Duke of Newcastle.

*To Amoret, p. 19.*

I REMEMBER to have heard his Grace the late Duke of Buckinghamshire say, that the person whom Mr. Waller celebrated under the title of Amoret was the Lady Sophia Murray.

*To my Lord of Falkland, p. 23.*

IN the beginning of the year 1639, (when Mr. Waller was in the thirty-fourth year of his age) King Charles was obliged to raise an army to oppose the Scots in their intended invasion of England, and appointed the Earl of Holland, brother to the forementioned Earl of Warwick, to be General of the Horse, which proved of fatal consequence to his Majesty's service; for he no sooner brought the troops within view of the rebels, but he made a most shameful retreat, and left his courage, conduct, and fidelity, to be questioned by all men, as their passions or interests inclined them to censure. "He was a very well-bred



" man, and a fine gentleman in good times, but too  
 " much desired to enjoy ease and plenty when the  
 " King could have neither, and did think poverty the  
 " most insupportable evil that could befall any man  
 " in this world." And by that base maxim he was  
 probably swayed, after he had received many unme-  
 rited favours, to abandon his royal benefactor when  
 he most wanted his service. But his ingratitude was  
 severely revenged upon him by the very party to which  
 he revolted; and too late endeavouring to redeem the  
 reputation of loyalty, he sell, unpitied, a sacrifice to  
 the same faction for which, not many years before,  
 he had too wantonly prostituted his honour. In that  
 inglorious northern expedition, which occasioned the  
 writing this poem, he was accompanied by that great  
 ornament of human nature Lucius Carey, Lord Vis-  
 count Falkland, who about four years afterwards was  
 slain at the battle of Newbury; " a person of such  
 " prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that  
 " inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation,  
 " of so flowing and obliging a humanity and good-  
 " ness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity  
 " and integrity of life, that if there were no other  
 " brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than  
 " that single loss, it must be most infamous and ex-  
 " crable to all posterity." *Earl of Clarendon's History,*  
*Book VII.*

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*To Chloris, p. 29.*

CHLORIS! *since first our calm of peace, &c.*] I never had the least suspicion that this little poem was not genuine, before I found this memorandum annexed to the title of it in the table of an old edition, "which Mr. Waller says is supposititious, in an edition given my father, (out of which I transcribed the additions into this) faultily printed, but corrected by the Author under his own hand." After all, the verses are written so exactly in Mr. Waller's manner, and I not being able to inform the reader to whom this book formerly belonged, I suppose he will think himself at liberty to believe, that our Author wrote them when he was young, and afterwards was too delicate to own them under the title which they bear in the first impression,—*To Chloris, upon a favour received.*

*To Mr. William Lawes, &c. p. 31.*

HE was master of the public and private music to K. Charles I. by whom he was distinguished with marks of particular esteem, and usually called The Father of Music. In the Great Rebellion he preserved his duty and gratitude inviolate, and was slain in the quarrel of his royal master at the siege of Chester, in the year 1645. All the best poets of that age were ambitious

of having their verses composed by this incomparable artist; who, having been educated under Signor Cooperario, introduced a softer mixture of Italian airs than before had been practised in our nation.

*To his worthy friend Sir Thomas Higgons, upon his translation of the Venetian Triumph, p. 38.*

THE Venetian Triumph was a poem composed by Gio. Francesco Busenello, addressed to his friend Pietro Liberi, instructing him to paint the famous sea-fight between the Turks and Venetians near the Dardanelles, in the year 1656; which Thevenot, who was at Constantinople during the action, has described in the fifty-third chapter of the first book of his Travels. This method of address was afterwards imitated by Mr. Waller, in his poem on the Duke of York's victory over the Dutch, and continued long the prevailing mode, both in panegyric and satire, till one of our poets disgraced it so effectually, by degrading it from the pencil to Vanderbank's loom, that it will require a writer of Mr. Waller's genius and authority to bring it again into fashion among us. I cannot think, after all Busenello's compliments, that Liberi ever attained to any distinguishing excellence in his art, since I do not remember that he is mentioned among the most eminent masters of the Venetian School. Besides this poem, Busenello composed two

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dramatic baubles, the substance of which are Poppæa and Statira, which were acted by the *Virtuosi Cantanti* at Venice; to the latter of which there is prefixed a protest, which, because it is short, and gives us an idea of the writer, I will here translate: "The author protests that every word and phrase relating to the Diety, *viz.* gods, idols, idolatry, stars, heaven, destiny, chance, and such others, are purely the flights of his pen, to adorn his poesy, and give strength to his diction: in other respects the same author, who writes like a poet, adheres religiously to the faith and practice of a Christian."

*To a friend, of the different success of their loves, p. 39.*

THE title of this poem in the first edition is, "To A. H. on the different success of their Loves;" which initial letters were probably intended for Alexander Hambden, a relation of our Author, who engaged with him in that confederacy which is commonly called Mr. Waller's Plot; and though, perhaps, his name preserved him from being prosecuted with the same severity as others, yet the parliament suffered him to die in prison, though no judgment had been given against him, for; "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

*To Zelinda, p. 40.*

THE Author seems to have composed these verses purely for an exercise of his fancy, upon reading the sixth book of Des Marets's *Ariane*; where Palamede addressing his courtship to Zelinde, who was descended from the Parthian kings, she answered, "I am a princess, and being such, I will listen to proposals of this kind from none but a prince." Upon this the gallant takes fire, and the dialogue grows so warm, that, as himself observes, it looked as if he came to affront the princess, rather than to insinuate himself into her affections. Mr. Waller being probably of opinion that Monsieur Palamede's arguments were too *brusque* to be advanced in a dispute with a lady, who numbered not fewer than twenty kings of her progenitors, wrote this poem in a more tender and courtly style, which I leave to be compared with Des Marets's prose, by those who are inclined to decide the prize of gallantry between them.

*To my Lady Morton, &c. p. 42.*

ANNE Countess of Morton was daughter to Sir Edward Villiers, (the great Duke of Buckingham's brother) and wife of Robert Douglas Lord Dalkeith, who, on the death of his father, succeeded to the Earldom of Morton. She was one of the most admired

beauties of that age, and the graces of her mind were not inferior to those of her person; for which reason she was distinguished by the concurrent choice of King Charles I. and his Queen, to be governess to the Princess Henrietta, whom she conveyed, in disguise, from Oatlands into France, in the year 1646. At that time Mr. Waller was there in exile, and to his private calamities had a large addition of sorrow, in seeing that coast covered with the wrecks of a royal family which, but a few years before! he had beheld in so flourishing a security, that one might have reasonably believed the greatest violence of Fortune would have beat on it in vain. And very disproportionate to their affliction and former grandeur was their reception at the court of France, through the artifice of that poor-spirited politician Mazarine; who, though he was a member of the Sacred College, seems to have revered Cromwell more than his Maker. But, having first observed that Mr. Waller presented these verses to the Lady Morton, *anno Dom. 1650, ætat. 45*, I will dismiss this unpleasing subject with Cardinal de Retz his account of a visit which he paid at the Louvre, as it is told by his translator. \* \* \* "I went to visit  
 " the Queen of England, whom I found in her daughter's chamber, who hath been since Duchess of Orleans. At my coming in, she said, "You see I am  
 " come to keep Henrietta company; the poor child  
 " could not rise to-day for want of a fire." The truth

“ is, that the Cardinal, (Mazarine) for six months  
 “ together, had not ordered her any money towards  
 “ her pension; that no trades-people would trust  
 “ her for any thing, and that there was not at her  
 “ lodgings in the Louvre one single billet.\* \* \* I re-  
 “ membered the condition I had found her in, and  
 “ had strongly represented the shame of abandoning  
 “ her in that manner, which caused the parliament  
 “ (of Paris) to send 40,000 livres to her Majesty.”  
 Posterity will hardly believe that a princess of Eng-  
 land, grand-daughter to Henry the Great, hath want-  
 ed a faggot, in the month of January, to get out of  
 bed in the Louvre, and in the eyes of a French court!

*A panegyric to my Lord Protector, &c. p. 45.*

UPON the detection of Mr. Waller's design to pro-  
 mote the King's service in the City, (of which the  
 Earl of Clarendon has given a large account in the  
 seventh book of his History of the Rebellion) White-  
 locke informs us, that “ he obtained a reprieve from  
 “ General Essex; and after a year's imprisonment  
 “ he paid a fine of 10,000 *l.* was pardoned, and tra-  
 “ velled into France;” where, having continued for  
 about ten years, upon his friends' application to Crom-  
 well, who had then solely engrossed the enslaving of  
 the nation, he was permitted to return; and about  
 the year 1654, *anno atat.* 49, he expressed his gra-  
 titude to the Usurper in this admirable panegyric.



*To the King, upon his Majesty's happy return, p. 53.*

—THE date of this poem coincides with the fifty-fifth year of Mr. Waller's age, from which time his genius began to decline apace from its meridian : yet, whatever traces of old age may appear in his latter compositions, (as Longinus says of Homer) we must still confess it to be the old age of Mr. Waller.

\*\*\* Cognoscite, Teucri!

Quae fuerint illi juvenili in corpore vires.

We are told in the *Menagiana*, that when he presented this poem to the King, his Majesty said, he thought it much inferior to his panegyric on Cromwell. "Sir," replied Mr. Waller, "we poets never succeed so well in writing truth as in fiction."

*To the Queen, upon her Majesty's birth-day, &c. p. 57.*

QUEEN Catharine, Infanta of Portugal, was born on the 14th of November, N. S. 1638, but her birth-day was observed in England on the 25th of that month, agreeable to the old method of computation; on which day Mr. Waller presented this poem to her Majesty, soon after her recovery from a dangerous fever, anno Dom. 1663, *atat. suae* 58.

This poem concludes that edition which was printed in the year 1664, at which time Mr. Waller ex-

pressed his resolution to hang up his harp, by subscribing these two verses from Horace. *lib. i. ep. i.*

Nunc itaque et versus, et caetera ludicra pono;  
Quid verum, atque decens curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

But since he soon relapsed into poetry, I thought it would not be very material to preserve them any longer in their usual station. It appears, from the date in the title of this poem, that Mr. Waller wrote and presented it to the Queen, *anno atat. 78.*

*To the Duchess of Orleans, &c. p. 59.*

THE Princess Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter of K. Charles I. was born at Exeter on the 16th of June 1644. When she was about two years old she was privately conveyed into France, as hath already been observed in the Remarks on the poem to the Countess of Morton; where, soon after the restoration, she was married to the French king's only brother, Philip Duke of Anjou, who succeeded to the title of Orleans on the death of his uncle. But, alas!

Eumenides tenere faces de funere raptas,  
Eumenides stravere torum. . . .

She is said to have been extremely beautiful; and even Burnet confesseth that she was thought the wittiest woman in France, though soon afterwards, repenting of his ingenuity, he takes some pains to poison her reputation. Being prevailed upon by the

French king to endeavour to engage her brother, King Charles II. in a league with him to humble the Dutch, she arrived at Dover about the middle of May 1670, where she staid something more than a fortnight, and was entertained by all her royal relations, attended with the flower of the English court, with all possible demonstrations of joy, during which time a scheme against Holland was concerted. Her husband, while she was absent, either wrought upon by the weakness and malice of his own nature, or the wicked insinuations of others, contracted an ill opinion of her conjugal virtue, so that nothing but her blood could extinguish his jealousy; and accordingly, soon after her return to St. Cloud, she was dispatched by a dose of sublimate given her in a glass of succory-water, when she had just completed the twenty-sixth year of her age. During her torments, which for about ten hours were violent, she expressed great resignation, and told the Duke of Orleans, that "she was the willingest to die, because her conscience upbraided her with nothing ill in her conduct towards him." After such a declaration of her innocence, made in the very article of death, it ill became a Christian bishop to impeach her fidelity. Mr. Waller writ this poem, *anno atat. 65.*

## SONG.

*Stay, Phœbus! stay, p. 67.*

THE famous Philip de Mornay was a favourite and privy counsellor to Henry IV. of France, till that monarch revolted to the Romish communion, from whom, I suppose, the lady to whom this song is addressed was descended; and she probably was one of Queen Henrietta's attendants, who, upon the misbehaviour of Madame St. George and the Bishop of Mende, were obliged to quit both the English court and kingdom, in the year 1627; but this I offer purely as a conjecture of my own, and refer it to the reader's discretion to receive or reject it. The latter stanza of these verses (which are certainly of Mr. Waller's earliest production) alludes to the Copernican system, in which the earth is supposed to be a planet, and to move on its own axis round the sun, the centre of the universe. Dr. Donne and Mr. Cowley industriously affected to entertain the fair sex with such philosophical allusions, which, in his riper age, Mr. Waller as industriously avoided.

## EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND FRAGMENTS.

*Epigram upon the golden medal, p. 81.*

THE title of this epigram is so concise, that it renders the conclusion of it almost as obscure as any pas-

sage in Perſius or Lycophron. I am very diffident in advancing a conjecture ſo much in the dark: yet for once I will venture, in hope that, ſince it is offered with caution, it will be rejected with candour if it is not approved. Roti, the celebrated graver to K. Charles II. was ſo paſſionate an admirer of the beautiful Mrs. Stuart, (afterwards Ducheſs of Richmond) that on the reverſe of the beſt of our coin he delineated the face of Britannia from her picture; and in ſome medals, where he had more room to diſplay both his art and affection, the ſimilitude of features is ſaid to have been ſo exact, that every one who knew her Grace, at the firſt view could diſcover who ſat for Britannia. This epigram, therefore, compliments the Ducheſs upon her virtue being impregnable; and ſuperior to temptation; in which ſenſe, whatever effect it may have upon our faith, it is reconciled to our underſtanding. And, if I may be indulged in carrying my conjecture a little farther, I fancy theſe verſes were compoſed ſoon after Roti had ſtamped that medal, the date of which is coincident with the ſixtieth year of Mr. Waller's age.

*Epitaph on Colonel Charles Cavendiſh, p. 86.*

THIS gallant gentleman was a younger ſon of William Earl of Devonſhire, and brother to that beautiful and every-way-excellent Lady Rich, who hath already been mentioned. His genius led him equally to

excel in letters and in arms; but the course of his studies (in which the mathematics engaged his principal attention) being interrupted by the rebellion, he was among the first who drew their swords in the crown's defence; and after many signal services performed for the King in the North, he was slain at Gainsborough, 1643, in the twenty-third year of his age. Cromwell, who commanded that party of rebels by which he was defeated, in a letter to the Committee of Association then sitting at Cambridge, says, "My captain-  
" lieutenant slew him with a thrust under the short  
" ribs:" which may very well consist with another account, which informs us that he was murdered in cold blood, after quarter had been offered, and he had accepted it. His body was then deposited at Newark, but removed, and buried with his mother's at Derby, in the year 1674.

*Early abroad he did the world survey, &c.]* The Memoirs of the family of Cavendish inform us, that after this gentleman had made the tour of France and Italy, he embarked at Venice for Constantinople: and, after a long circuit by land through Natolia, sailed to Alexandria, thence to Cairo, visited Malta in his course to Spain; and from Spain returning to Paris, he arrived in England about the end of May, in the year 1641.

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*Epitaph on the Lady Sedley, p. 88.*

SHE was Elizabeth, only daughter of the learned Sir Henry Savil, Provost of Eton College, and wife to Sir John Sedley, a Kentish Baronet, by whom she was mother of that Sir Charles who so fairly distinguished himself among the politest wits in the court of K. Charles II.

*Epitaph to be written under the Latin inscription, &c. p. 89.*

CHARLES HOWARD, Lord Viscount Andover, was eldest son to Thomas Earl of Berkshire, whose child, for whom this epitaph was intended, lies interred in New-Elm church, in the county of Oxford, from whence I have received the Latin inscription referred to in the title, which is such a wretched composition, and the chisel has mangled it so much in the pointing and spelling, that I can make no other use of it but only to discover, by this noble youth's having died in the year 1641, that Mr. Waller seems to have written these verses before he was banished, and probably in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

## OF DIVINE LOVE.

THE Divine Poems were the last of Mr. Waller's productions, most of them having been written when he was about eighty years old; in which, though there is not the same elevation and fire as in his earlier compositions,



His setting sun still shoots a glimm'ring ray,  
Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay.

Mr. Dryden.

And thus I have endeavoured to discharge the debt of gratitude which I owed to Mr. Waller's memory for the pleasure I have received in reading his Poems, by attempting to restore the text to its original purity, and adding such illustrations as some of them very much wanted. They are extended, I confess, to a much greater length than I designed; yet I am very sensible that many defects are remaining, which I shall be glad to see supplied, as I wish the whole had been undertaken by some abler hand, having a far stronger inclination to please and improve myself with the writings of others, than to trouble the world with my own. In the great variety of persons and things of which these Observations consist, some, but I hope no very material, errors may have escaped me; as I find, upon a hasty review, in the article relating to Mr. Lawes, (p. 31.) that not he, but his elder brother William \*, was favourite musician to K. Charles I. and slain by the rebels at Chester: for next to the uncommon felicity of committing no mistakes, it is surely the most generous pleasure to confess and correct them.

\* This gentleman's name is so printed in the title to the poem.



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